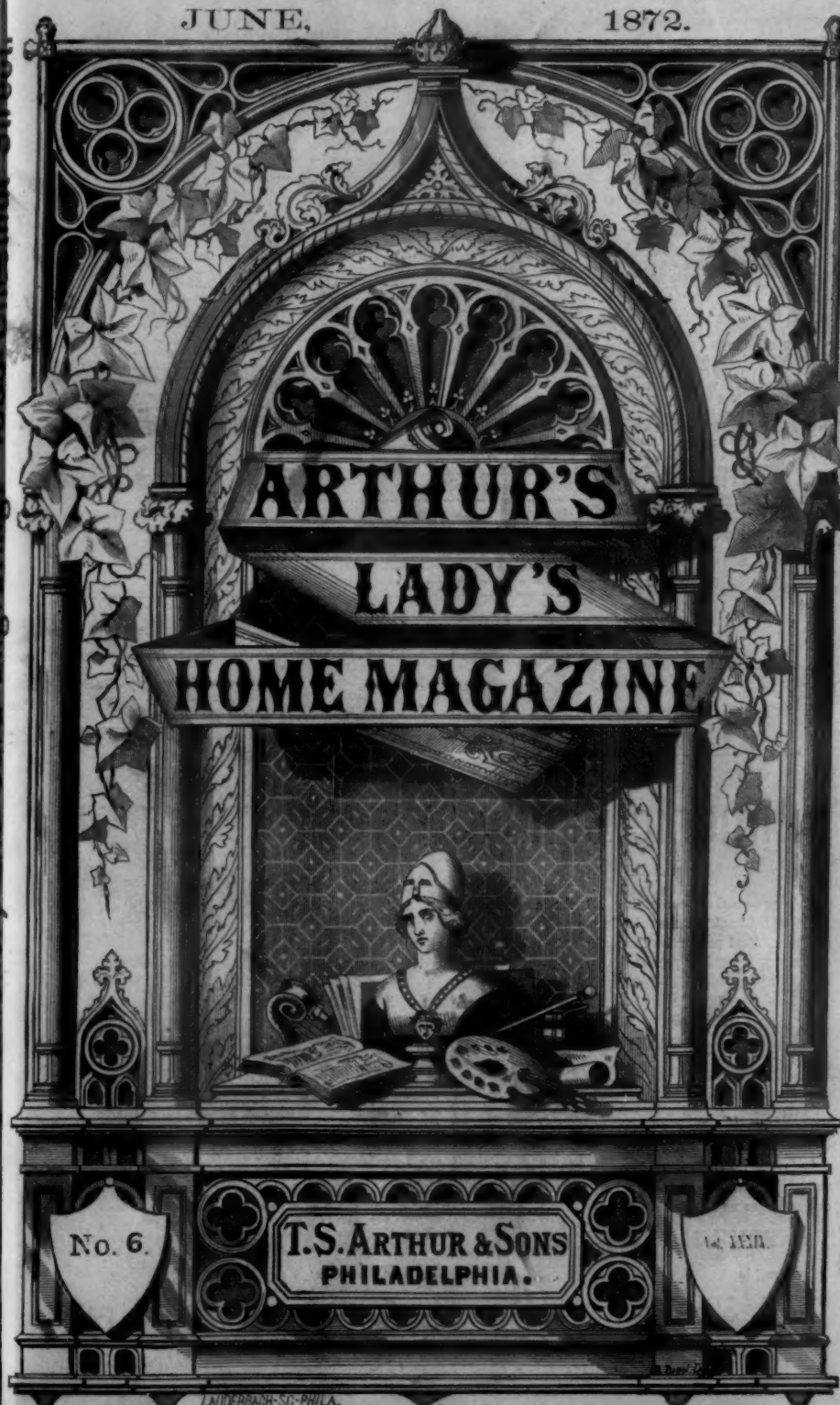


THE QUEEN OF THE LADIES' MAGAZINES!  
JUNE, 1872.



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8. Border (Chain Stitch).

## SCHENCK'S Pulmonic Candy.

This preparation, containing all the component parts of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup and possessing all the medical properties thereof, will be found very efficacious if used by persons suffering from

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HOARSENESS,  
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Is prepared by a process of torrefaction from the choicest wheat, using the entire kernel, and is especially designed for infants and invalids. It possesses all the requisite elements necessary to nurture, strengthen, and promote a vigorous and healthy growth in children, and to restore and sustain the exhausted vitality of the sick and debilitated. It is delicious and palatable when no other diet is relished or desired. Eminent physicians highly approve and regard it as much superior to all other farinaceous preparations. It may truthfully be claimed as a substitute for nature's own food to infants, a fact which all mothers, and those rearing children, should remember. It is invaluable in the family and in the hospital, and none can afford to be without it.

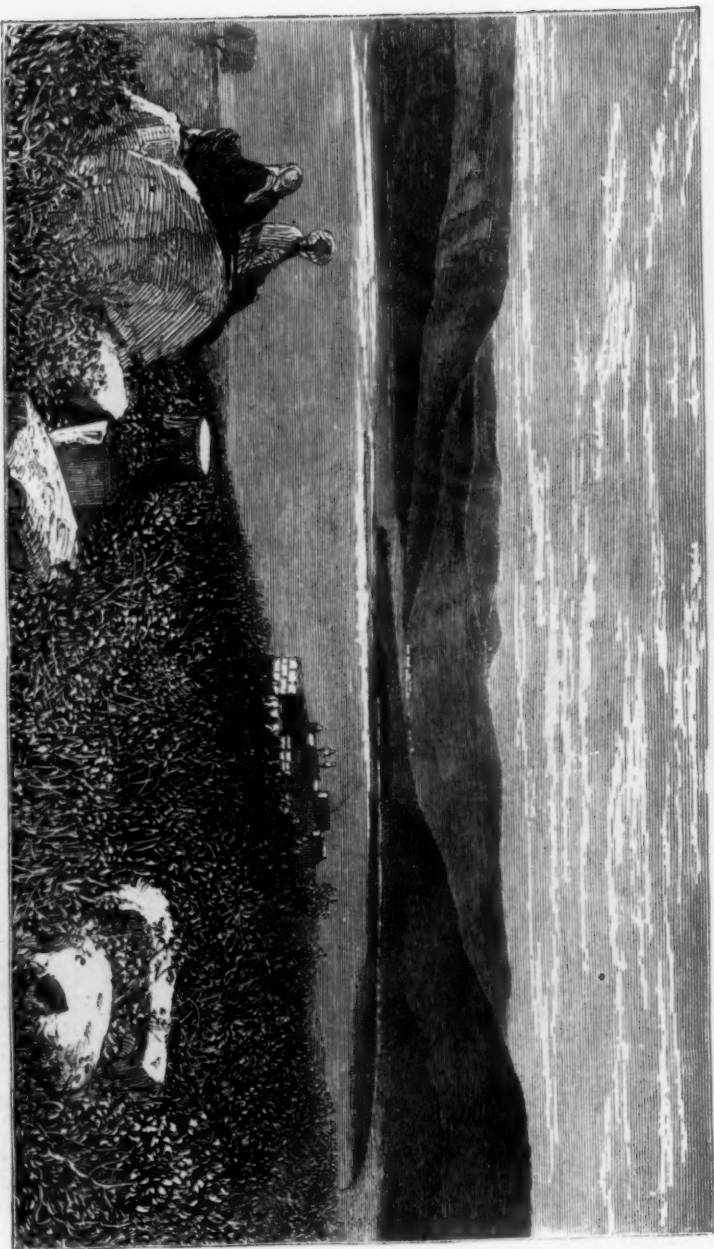
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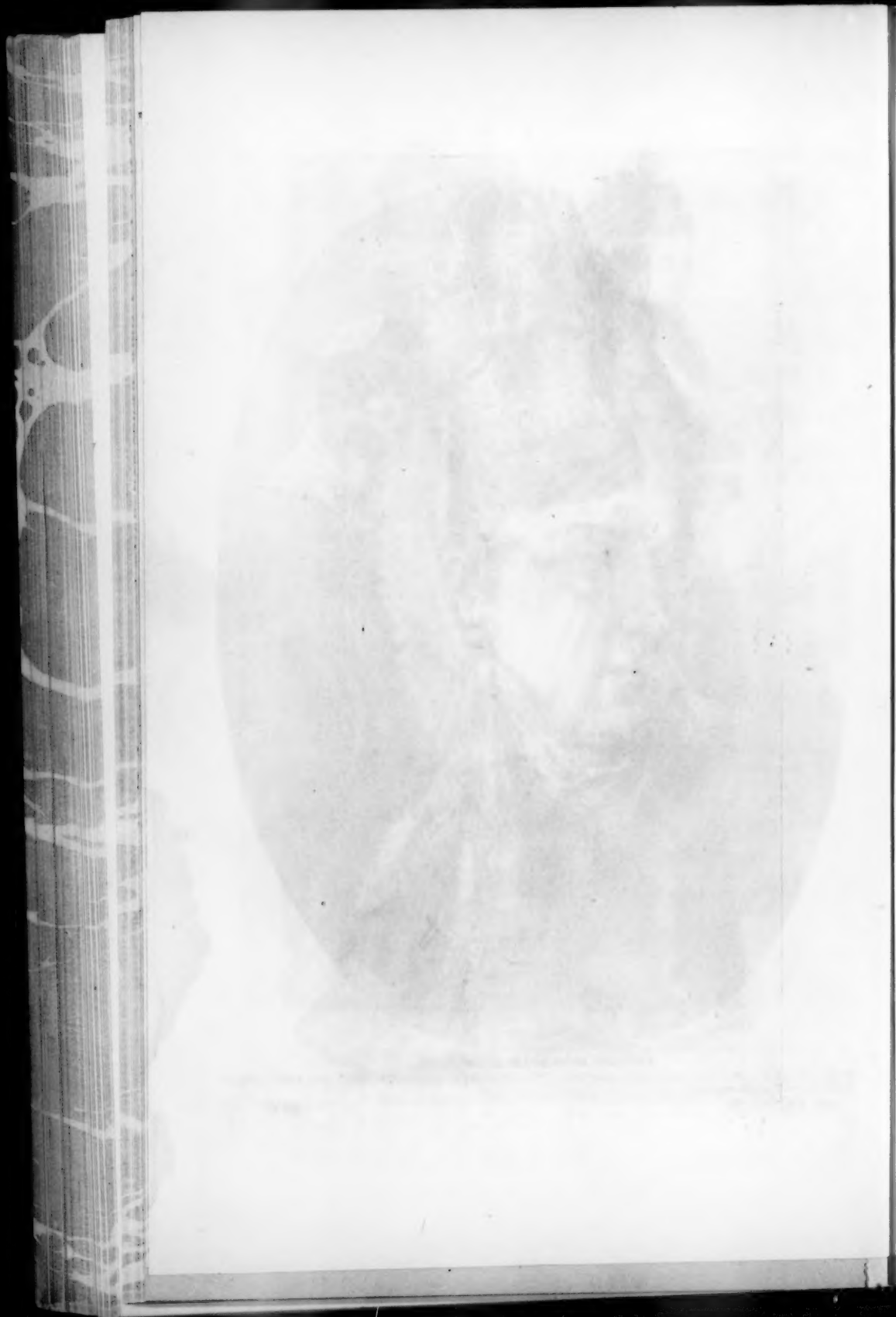
FLOWERS.





CAPERNAUM.

FLOWERS.





EVENING BONNET OF BLUE CRAPE,

Made with a full, puff crown, and high-draped brim. The trimming is composed of blond lace, a white ostrich feather, and pink moss-roses.

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**WALKING-DRESS.**

Made with an underskirt trimmed with one ruffle. Polonaise cut in points on the edge, and braided with black.; ornament of passementerie looping the skirt at sides. Gray straw bonnet, trimmed with gray and black. This dress may be made in any light material suitable for summer.



HOUSE DRESS.

Long, gored skirt, with two gathered flounces, headed by a bias band of silk to match. The second skirt is shorter, and quite open at the back; it has but a single flounce and a broad band, and is caught together by graduating bows of silk with pointed ends. Flounced and draped tablier. The close-fitting, buttoned casaque has pointed basques and large scalloped sleeves, confined at the elbows. Trimming of silk fringe, bows, ruffle, and interlaced bands. Embroidered collar and undersleeves. Ribbon bow in the hair.



## WORK-TABLE.



WALL POCKET.

These pockets are very convenient for hanging on the walls of a bedroom or nursery, as they hold a variety of household odds and ends. Our model is made of gray holland. The back is an eight-pointed piece of stiff millboard covered with gray holland, edged with scarlet cord, and braided all round with scarlet braid. The pocket and flap are likewise of holland, quilted with red cotton and edged with cord. These pockets are much used both in France and Germany.



SCISSORS CASE.

Cut out a piece of cardboard of the shape seen on illustration, and cover it on one side with blue or red cashmere; on the other side with glazed calico of the same shade. Edge the cardboard with a silk braid or gold cord. Fasten at the top a small raised pincushion, covered and edged like the cardboard; then cut out three pieces of cashmere for the three pockets for the scissors; embroider them in long stitch with silk, and sew them on to the cashmere ground. The case is completed with a bow of ribbon and a small circle placed at the top, as seen on illustration.

(308)



TRAVELLING-BAG WITH BELT.

This bag is meant to be fastened on to a waistband and worn round the waist in travelling. It is meant to contain money and different articles useful in travelling. It is made of brown leather cloth, lined with brown calico and bound with brown silk braid two-fifths of an inch wide. The bag has several pockets; it is fastened on the waistband by loops of elastic ribbon, which are fastened on to short strips of leather cloth, as can be seen on illustration. The binding of the bag is fastened on with herring-bone stitch of brown silk. The strips of leather cloth are four inches long, four-fifths of an inch wide; they are taken double and ornamented with herring-bone stitch. At the upper end of the strips fasten a brass ring and a loop of elastic ribbon. The waistband is drawn through the latter. The bag fastens with buttons and loop of elastic ribbon.



MONOGRAM.



Fig. 1.



FIG. 2.—Drapery for Bracket.  
CORNER BRACKET, ORNAMENTED WITH  
DRAPERY.

The bracket is of carved wood. Round the edge of it is an embroidered drapery, the detail of which is shown in the full-size in Fig. 2. Velvet or cloth of any color to suit the furniture may be chosen for the foundation; gold-colored and brown silk for the embroidery. Each separate part of the drapery is lined with silk or tannery of the color of the foundation, and is finished at the points with a little tassel. A silk cord is sewn round the edge, and a heading of quilled ribbon or cloth ornaments the edge of the bracket above the drapery.

The same thing might be made in an inexpensive manner by cutting the design of the carved wood carefully out of pasteboard and covering with dark paper, which might afterwards be shaded to represent carving.



Fig. 1.

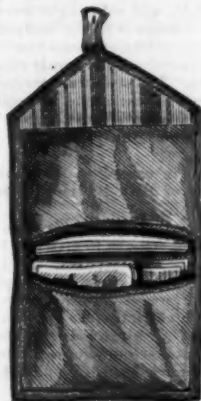


Fig. 2.

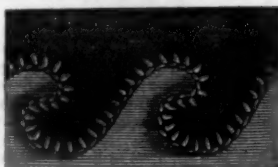


Fig. 3.

#### PURSE FOR BANK-NOTES.

**Materials.**—Coarse ticking, unbleached linen, black sarcenet ribbon one inch broad, green silk, etc.

This purse, which is so useful in travelling, is represented closed in Fig. 1, and open in Fig. 2. Two pockets being fastened on to the strong ticking lining of the purse, renders it easy to take out the notes quickly. In order to preserve the contents from damp, all three parts are made with strong ticking, double, or with cloth and gray linen. The purse itself measures six and a half inches in breadth and eleven inches in length, and is sloped off two inches for the flap that turns over. The outside is ornamented with black ribbon one inch broad, worked with green silk buttonhole stitch, and cut out as shown in full size in Fig. 3. In fastening on the ribbon, an edge must be left all round half an inch broad, to serve afterwards as a binding for the pocket part to be placed in upon the inside, the upper edge of which is also bound with black. The black straps for closing the purse have ticking underneath, and are fastened with a button and buttonhole.

*Julie*

NAME FOR MARKING.  
(309)

## FASHION DEPARTMENT.

### FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

Capes are worn with everything. They are made of black cashmere of light quality, gray and brown camels'-hair cloth, and other light worsted goods; or they are of material to match the suit. The coquettish Dolly Varden is hardly complete without its cape or sleeveless saque, trimmed with ruffles and bows. Even the polonaise seems hardly complete without its attendant cape.

The windows of our dry-goods stores are filled with "Dolly Varden" patterns in chintzes and other summer fabrics. The style we described last month was that of white, black, or buff grounds, sprinkled with bright-tinted wreaths and bouquets. There is another style equally popular, and in some respects more pleasing to ladies of quiet taste: That of a handsomely striped underskirt, with a plain polonaise of the same tint as the plain stripes in the underskirt, and trimmed with the figured stripe from the same.

Stripes are in exceeding favor this season in every kind of light goods, and for street wear will be far more in favor than the more showy "Dolly Vardens," which are best suited for house or country wear.

By the way, Dolly Varden is plain English Dolly Varden, and not by any means Dolly Vardong, as those who should attempt to give it a Frenchy pronunciation might call it.

To match the suit there is a "Dolly Varden" hat, which looks exceedingly ugly in the shop windows, but trims dressily, and has a jaunty appearance when worn.

Walking-dresses are worn a trifle longer than last year, though they still clear the ground. There has been an effort to introduce the semi-trained skirt for street wear, but so far, owing to the good sense of a majority of American ladies, it has signally failed.

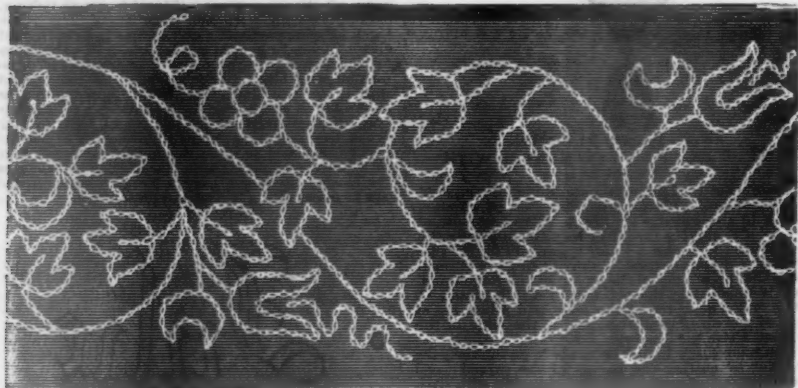
There is not much difference in the length of the overskirt between this season and the last, but they are now much more bunched up. This bunching is not in the best of taste, and is not likely to be lasting.

For plain house dresses, "blouse" waists are most used. For street and fashionable dresses generally, they are usually vest and jacket waists, the latter faced or trimmed in vest style. Dresses of all sorts are made with basques.

Coat sleeves are again in favor. Some are puffed at the shoulder, others at the elbow, or have cuffs of velvet or lace at the wrists. A becoming sleeve is made tight to the elbow, and then finished with deep double ruffles just full enough to fall gracefully.

Tunics for evening wear, are made of clear or spotted white muslin trimmed with Valenciennes lace. The tunic is almost as long behind as the underskirt, and is draped at the sides to throw almost all the fullness at the back, but has no puffs. It is ornamented with a few bows the color of the underskirt.

The hair is worn upon ordinary occasions with chatelaine braids, surmounted by a braid of natural hair, which is carried round the front of the head so as to form a coronet. For evening dress curls are substituted in the place of the chatelaine braids. Bows of ribbon or flowers with tendrils are worn by young girls. The "Alsatian" bow is the latest and most elaborate headdress for married women.



BORDER (CHAIN STITCH).

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

# DO NOT FORGET ME.

"THE WORDS SHE SANG TO ME;" OR, "THE MAID OF THE MILL."

WORDS AND MUSIC BY HAMILTON AIDE.

Furnished by F. A. NORTH & CO., 1026 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.



Gold-en years a - go, in a mill be-side the sea. There dwelt a lit-tle  
Lead-en years have past, gray - hair'd I look a - round, The earth has no such

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The melody is in a C major key and has a gentle, flowing character.

*Piu lento.*

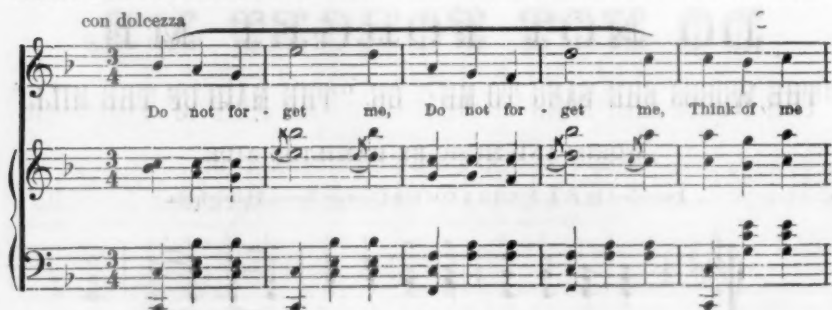
maiden who plighted her faith to me; The mill-wheel now is si-lent, that  
maiden now, such mill-wheels turn not round; But when ever I think of Heav'n and

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a more active accompaniment with moving lines in both hands.

*p* con tenerezza.  
maid's eyes clos-ed be, And all that now re-mains of her are the words she sang to me.  
what the an-gels be, I see a-gain the lit-tle maid and hear her words to me

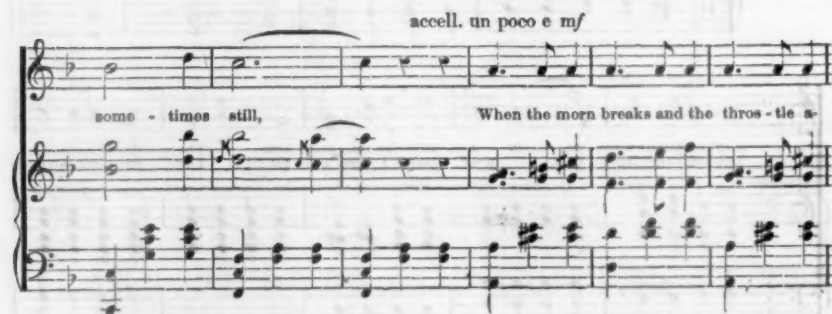
The third line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a 'con tenerezza' (with tenderness) instruction. The melody is gentle and expressive.

*con dolcezza*



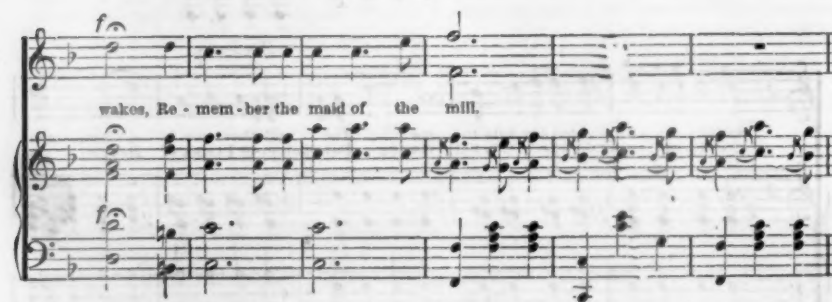
Do not for - get me, Do not for - get me, Think of me

*accel. un poco e mf*



some - times still, When the morn breaks and the thros - tie a

*f*



wakes, Re - mem - ber the maid of the mill.





# ARTHUR'S LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1872.

## A CHICAGO FIRM, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY MRS. H. M. TRACY CUTLER.

SOME fifteen years ago, a young couple started out in life, with the old ideas—"Husband and wife are one, and that one is the husband."

The husband earned the money, and as his wife seemed, to his wise head, only a school girl having a vacation, he, with his twenty-eight years of dignity, ought to spend it. All right, thought Midget (short for Almira), if Harry thinks so, it is, *of course, right*.

Two years passed, as years do to the young, and loving and hopeful. They had their ups and downs, their hopes and their disappointments, and, to crown all, they had a baby.

Now things had not been over prosperous, as Harry Dalton found when he made up his final statement for the year. He had really only held his own. The household expenses, what with company, and nurses, and extras of various kinds, had counted largely, and he was obliged to confess to Midget that when all was settled for the year, there would not be fifty dollars to add to the capital of the newly-enlarged firm of Dalton, Midget & Co. Midget looked grave and shook her brown curls over the new member of the firm, and declared that this was too small a dividend for the new partner, Midget the Second.

"Now, Harry," said she, with a very wise look, "you must let me look over the family accounts, if you please, I want to know how much it costs us to live."

"Much you will understand," said he, chucking her under the chin; "and I dare say I could not account for the items, but here it is in round numbers, \$1,050.50."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Midget.

She never said my gracious, nor anything

else that wasn't proper, for her mother had been brought up in Boston, under the shadow of the Old South Church; and this also may account for some other traits that Midget revealed, quite to the astonishment of many knowing people, who predicted that Harry had not chosen in the wisest manner, for there were plenty of girls older and plainer that would have said, "yes, sir, and thank you," but Harry had his own notions in those days.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Midget, a second time. "Where can it have all gone to! Why, Harry, we could have boarded a great deal cheaper. There must be a mistake somewhere."

"I thought so when I first went over it, but it seems it is all correct. It isn't a very bright outlook, but we must make the best of it."

"Yes, to be sure," said his partner, very gravely, "but, I think we must have a little review of matters. I have been only the sleeping partner in the concern, and now I see that I have not quite done my part. I must take measures to secure a better sheet for next year."

"Really, Mistress Dalton, you have been charming in your department, and I do not think any reasonable man could complain of the results," said he, taking Midget No. 2 from the crib, and offering his beard for the delectation of the two months' old baby. "But still, if you have any suggestions to make, I am sure I shall be delighted to hear."

"I am not quite ready to offer them," said she, thoughtfully, "but I shall take the matter under advisement."

"How business like we are getting, are we not," said Harry, as he kissed the downy

cheeks, and laid the little one back in the crib.

"Of one thing, Harry, I am sure," said the little woman, cheerfully. "Not a cent has gone into the rum-seller's till, and I have not wasted a large amount in fuss and feathers. Still, there has been a mistake somewhere, and we must find it out and rectify it."

That afternoon Midget got baby asleep, and, charging the nurse to take precious care of her, she went to call on a friend who was much older, and ever so much wiser than herself in all household matters. Midget told her at once her perplexity. They were living in a small town where rents and fuel were not high, and where help was not very expensive; nor in those days were provisions exorbitant.

After Midget had stated her case to her friend, she shook her head and said: "That is indeed too much at your time of life. You should have saved three hundred dollars."

"I know that," said Midget; "but the thing with me is to find the knot-hole through which it leaks. Harry hasn't the least idea. You know he never spends anything in his own amusement, and I did not think I was extravagant."

"Let's see," said Mrs. Goodman. "Who does the marketing?"

"Why Harry, of course."

"Of course, then, you buy just double what you really need to eat. I went through that experience in my early married life, and you shall have the benefit of my observations. Housekeeping is a business, just as much as merchandising, and, to be successful, you must be just as systematic. Now look here; this is my housekeeper's book. I keep a strict account of all my receipts, and all my expenditures. I can refer back twenty years, and see just how much it cost us a week to live then, and I can mark some improvements in my system. I found after awhile how to take advantage in buying things, and just how much of any given thing could be used profitably. I never have baskets full of cold victuals to throw away, I assure you. After I had mastered these things, I said to my husband: 'If you will give me a certain allowance, I can supply all our wants more economically than you do.' He laughed at me for a time, but finally consented to try my plan, and it has really been the secret of our success. The amount saved has added to our yearly investments, till now we are really independent. Mr. Goodman calls it my share of the joint stock, and takes no little pride in it."

Midget looked over the books, and made a good many observations that quite delighted her friend.

"She will make a business woman," was Mrs. Goodman's comment when she left.

When Harry came home that night, Midget told him she was now ready for consultation. Harry laughed at the idea; but taking her on his knee, after tea was over, and drawing one arm round his neck, while he took the other hand in his, he declared the council of two opened.

"Well, then," said Midget, "I have been to see Mrs. Goodman."

"Mrs. Goodman, you mean. Well, proceed."

"She showed me her account books, and told me how she managed her household affairs; and I think she is very wise. Now, if you will allow me, I think I could save a good deal by following her plan. She does all her own marketing, and, when she sees it best, gets supplies at wholesale. She showed me how she had saved about a third of their expenses in that way."

"And my little Midget thinks she could take all that upon herself? No, no, darling, I did not marry you to make you a drudge. We have not come to that yet."

"But, Harry, I did not marry you to be only a help eat, I want to be a helpmeet. I wish you would let me try it for six months, and see how it would do."

"I could not think of it. I should be ashamed to see my wife trudging to market," and he sweetened his denial with at least a dozen kisses.

This ended the matter for the present; but Midget kept turning it over in her mind. At last she got a small memorandum book, and began to keep accounts of her own and baby's personal expenses; and she soon saw that she was learning to economize, even by this little effort. She was surprised to see how the little items for self and baby counted up.

At the end of another year they had saved only a little more, and Harry concluded to sell out and go to Chicago.

"Now," said Midget to Mrs. Goodman, "I am going to make one more effort to follow your plan."

"Do it wisely, darling," said the good woman. "Above all, do not wound the pride of your husband. Some wives do not know that a husband values the good opinion of his wife above all the world, and make a wreck of their own happiness and that of their family by not

using that fine politeness in the family that they keep laid away like cake for company. Don't let Harry feel that you undervalue his judgment, only express the desire to try your own just a little, so that you can bring up the little one more sensibly. However, I see that you are wise; you will get your way if you are patient."

Midget kept the advice in mind, and somehow its wisdom seemed to grow upon her. She knew how she valued Harry's good opinion, and she now saw that men were quite as amenable to this little weakness as women. It made of her a genuine diplomat, without rendering her at all a sycophant.

It was only an every day rendering of the golden rule. So when they found themselves in the aspiring young city, after a few weeks dolorous boarding, Midget proposed to find some place where they could again set up their *lors* and *penates*. Harry had formed a partnership, and now there would be a different order of affairs. He would have to keep a strict account with the firm, and in talking the matter over, he told his wife that his time would be more closely occupied than when in business alone, and he had almost concluded that they would be obliged to board.

To this his wife objected on the ground of his health. He had already developed symptoms of dyspepsia in the few weeks of boarding, and she felt sure it would be disastrous to him to continue it longer. Besides, she did not want to feel so entirely useless.

The result was, Midget hunted houses for a week, and at last found a cosy little nest at reasonable rent.

This achieved, she proposed to her husband a wise scheme she had arranged. She would take the other partner and his wife to board at twenty dollars per week, and he should pay house-rent and ten dollars for himself, and she would manage the whole on this income.

Harry laughed heartily over her plan. He took his pencil and made an estimate, and told her that the amount saved, over their former expenses, should be deposited in bank to her credit. But he ventured she would want half of it before the first six months were ended.

What a busy little Midget there was for a few weeks, and how closely she studied her accounts. One thing was soon apparent. There was no wastage. The closets never got filled up with broken victuals, to be emptied into the old slop woman's barrel, nor into the baskets of beggars for secondhand boarding-houses.

At the end of the first month, she presented a clear statement of accounts to her husband. The business-like sheet quite surprised him, and the balance on hand called forth a prolonged whistle. They had not been stinted in anything, and they had enjoyed a charming variety at table, besides having had guests that they desired to entertain handsomely.

He took her on his knee and kissed her as he had done before, but now he said, "I see that I have a wise little head on these delicate shoulders that I thought to spare. You will surely secure my success one of these days."

"Do you really think so?" said Midget. "Then I am just as happy as I can be."

So the matter was adjusted, and from that time, with varying success, the plan adopted then, was substantially followed. Midget was sole manager of the domestic part of the firm, and he of the commercial. He kept his word in regard to depositing to her account the sum saved by her management, and invested for her as she directed. At length she came into possession of a small legacy, and after a few years of successful investment, she found that she had enough laid by to purchase a home. As their family had increased with increasing years, she felt loth to bring them up without a home of their own, and after due deliberation a house was purchased.

Harry had become so thoroughly convinced of the utility of allowing his wife to assume responsibility, that he proposed that she should hold the home as her own separate property, and he would still pay rent and board, so that she could feel independent in whatever outlay she might desire to make.

While she was busy with her own affairs, finding no time for discontent or envy of her richer neighbors, the firm had pushed their business from one branch of trade to another, till they occupied a stately warehouse with an iron front and "fire proof" roofing, and were counting on large profits from the fall trade that had opened so prosperously. Saturday night, October 7th, they were alarmed by the cry of fire, and as the bells clanged and clamored, Midget began to fear that they might be in danger. Harry went out and watched for a time, and returned, telling her that the wind was carrying it from them, but they had better be ready to take their valuables to the warehouse on short notice, as that was near the water, and fireproof.

That was a great comfort, that word "fire-proof." Things were mentally assorted, the necessary and the sumptuary.

First the trunks of clothing, with the silver, and all the important papers. Then they must have beds and bedding, and crockery and cooking utensils.

Midget looked at the new piano which had only been brought home the week before, and the new centre-table and the new carpets; but she said they must save what was absolutely essential first, and she went to work packing the most needful.

As night advanced, and the fire seemed subdued, she left off packing and went to sleep. The next day found them all at their accustomed Sabbath duties, for their house had been dedicated by prayer, and "Holiness to the Lord" was inscribed on all their treasures.

Among those who returned thanks for mercies received that Sabbath night as they lay down to rest, Harry Dalton and his family were among the most earnest and grateful. Disturbed on the night before, they soon slept soundly, till roused from their sound slumbers by wild cries, by deafening clang of bells, and by loud knocking at their doors. It was no longer night, but a lurid light filled the air, and crazed and wild-looking spirits seemed flying past. They opened the door, and there before it was one of their huge drays, filled with the hastily-gathered goods of one of the partners. Over the hastily-gathered load a wet carpet had been thrown, and in the midst of mattresses, and looking-glasses, and pots, and kettles, and broken rocking-horses, and china, and cut glass, sat the mistress of these strangely-assorted goods with her three little ones, crouching under the wet shelter.

The fire had broken out anew, and their home had been threatened so speedily that they had at once sent for the team, and fled hither for shelter and safety.

Midget opened her arms for the little ones, consoled the affrighted mother, gave orders for the hasty bestowal of the plunder, and then looked out to see whether they were indeed safe. Thus far the wind had favored them, and she at once set about planning for the needs of her increased family. She had a friend in one of the pleasant towns a few miles off, and she would send her children there, and thus make room for the houseless.

Meanwhile, the fire, which at first marched steadily forward, now flew with winged speed, leaving the west side where our friends were sheltered, but aiming at the grandeur and power of the proud young city. Its very vitals were gained. The marble palaces on State Street and Wabash Avenue crumbled

like dust, the iron melted like wax, the wood was consumed like stubble.

Early in its devouring march, Dalton and his partner saw that their stately warehouse was aimed at, and with some desperate hope that they might secure something from the wreck, they made a detour, and reached it in time to save their papers—nothing more. Like mariners shipwrecked, they turned back, aiding to save life, and that alone.

Night found them scorched and exhausted, but safe at Midget's door. Such a welcome! Who dares attempt it! They had been down to the gates of death, they had passed through the fiery furnace, and they were safe, thank God; but the labor of years was gone.

"Only small insurance, and that, perhaps, quite worthless," said Dalton; "but never let us fret. We have ourselves left, and my Midget has her home.

They did not feel too sure of that for some time, but kept their valuables packed ready for an exodus, if the destroyer should again break loose. It was chained by the bold, brave deeds of Sheridan, and others equally brave, if not so bold; and then the tide slowly receded.

What now were these men to do? They had no warehouse, not even an office; and where could one be found?

"Right here," said Midget, who was now in all their councils. "I will convert my parlor into a dining-room, and put some old drugget over this carpet and convert it into an office, and to-morrow you can hang out your sign, 'Dalton & Co., Warehousemen.' Should you need any additional clerical force, I shall be able to offer you my services, advice gratis."

Harry could hardly keep his upper lip up to standard stiffness as he looked into the brave eyes, and realized the true strength and wisdom of the woman he had thought only fit for a delicate parlor ornament.

"It shall be as you desire, Mistress Dalton," said he, affecting a little show of humor; "but the firm must have a new title—Midget Dalton & Co.—for, as I live, you are the real head of the firm, and carry all the capital."

So the old firm re-organized in the little dining-room; and the newspapers, when they found themselves again returning like olive leaves after the deluge, announced the "Office of Dalton & Co., at No. — — Street, on the west side. BUSINESS AT ONCE RESUMED."

Brave hearts! Let us hope that they, like the patriarch Job, may have more than their former prosperity restored.



## THE ESCURIAL OF SPAIN.

BY C.

SPAIN, sunny Spain, is, according to an ancient book entitled "The Misfortunes and Glories of Spain," the most wonderful country in the world. It is described as the land of all that is stirring and romantic in chivalry, and all that is passionate, beautiful, and lovely in nature.

Byron in his *Childe Harold* has thrown over Spain the magic spell of enlivening romance. To contemplate Spain from any point of view, an interest of the most powerful kind gathers over her history. Her records and annals describe her prostrations and sufferings under the Moorish powers, and her exaltation and happiness under the rule and protection of Aragon and Castile, and also the magnificent empire that she became while under the control and care of Charles V.

In natural beauty no land surpasses her:

"It is a goodly sight to see  
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land;  
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree,  
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand."

Her literature has excited much attention, her dramas and histories have raised her very high, though certainly not on a level with some other nations of Europe. Spain is the most remarkable for her two great buildings, the Escorial and the Inquisition, and though the latter has perished, yet it will ever hold a memory in the heart of man; the former still exists in the memorable records of modern Europe, of which a description will soon be given.

Philip II. of Spain, was the son and successor of the Emperor Charles V. To this son the emperor resigned the imperial crown when he retired from the avocations of public life to end his days in a convent. Philip does not commend himself either to our love or veneration by any traits in his character; he was haughty, reserved, and severe, and upon his accession to the throne, instead of conciliating his enemies, he made enemies of his friends. He required the electors and most illustrious princes of Germany to stand uncovered in his presence, he also assumed a haughty and distant demeanor, which the great Charles, his father, never affected in the proudest days of his power and victory. He is connected with the history of England, as

the husband of Mary, the lover of Elizabeth, and the instigator of the expedition of the Spanish Armada. Such was the character of Philip, the founder of the Escorial.

The building owes its origin to the battle of St. Quintin, gained by the Spanish over the French, August 10th, 1557, the festival of the martyrdom of St. Lorenzo, or St. Lawrence. Philip, whose austerity was strongly tinged with superstition, and whose gloomy brow was far more fitted for a cowl or a cloister than a crown or a palace, made a vow, upon the achievement of this victory, that he would build a church, a monastery, and a palace; this he did, and consecrated them as one building to St. Lawrence. Philip had workmen employed for twenty-two years on this building, and spent immense sums of money, thus to gratify his vanity and devotion; and so the monarchs of Spain are indebted to him for a palace, not the most elegant, but the most royal, magnificent, and sumptuous of any in Europe. But the foundations of this palace were not laid in some beautiful park, nor in the midst of a mighty metropolis, as is usually the case, but in a wilderness. It is twenty-three miles north-west from Madrid on the south-east slope of the Sierra Guadarrama, and to reach it the traveller must pass over a vast and desolate plain. Near it are gloomy forests, and the palace is overhung by dreary mountains, which form a part of the chain of the Pyrenees. The grounds around the building are rocky and marshy, and the howl of the wolf and roar may be heard in the forest. The situation of this extraordinary and magnificent building has excited much astonishment. But if there is gloom and darkness without, there is light, glory, and splendor within; there are to be seen the most sumptuous surroundings and all the pomp of religion; the glory of the place grows upon one as he passes along. In the square of the kings one does not perceive any particular and overpowering feeling, though here he may be viewing the statues of six Scripture kings of twice the size of life. Beneath these statues is the temple, its three aisles, its vaulted roof, and its octagonal divisions, with the paintings of Lucas Jordan shedding life through the whole. Then the eye is dazzled with the glory of its



altar, its steps are of red-veined jasper marble, and eighteen columns of red and green jasper, alternated with gilt and bronze statues, render it grand and beautiful. On each side of the altar are chapels, in one of them is the kneeling figure of the Emperor Charles V. in the act of worship: the statues behind him are his Empress Isabel, his daughter Maria, and his sisters, Marie and Elenora. On the other side are statues of Philip II., four of his wives, and one of his sons. The Pantheon is under the great altar, around the walls of which are twenty-six niches in which are urns of black marble, supported on lions' paws, of bronze, and in the front of each a gilt plate, on which the names of the monarchs and their queens, whose dust they contain, are inscribed. Others of the royal family are buried in a vault less splendid. This is considered the most magnificent mausoleum in the world. The library of the Escorial is more worthy of notice, it contains an extensive collection of rare paintings and books that are allowed by all who visit the place to be curious and of great value.

The Escorial is the usual residence of the court in autumn.

Why was the Escorial built? Was he a wise man, who built a palace in the midst of a desert, and a majestic church where no being but the monk could lift his voice in prayer continually to the Father of all men?

DUNELLEN, N. J.

### "PLAYING SCHOOL."

BY MRS. HATTIE F. BELL.

W HERE the orchard boughs are waving  
In the twilight breezes cool,  
Two young voices break the stillness,  
In their shadow "playing school."  
Wreaths of scented snowy blossoms  
Arch over their mossy seat,  
Katie on the throne of honor,  
Dark-eyed Willie at her feet.  
With a pretty, winning accent,  
Half in earnest, half in jest,  
Katie said, "Now, I'll be teacher,  
Tho' you're tallest, I know best.  
So to all I choose to tell you  
You must give an earnest heed,  
You must be my scholar, Willie,  
And I'll teach you how to read."  
Just then, loving, thoughtful Willie,  
Gazing upward to the skies,  
Fell to wondering which were bluer,  
They, or Katie's laughing eyes.  
But the dreamer, still in mystery,  
Caught his watchful teacher's frown,  
Just as he'd almost decided,  
With his book turned upside down.

Then she spoke—the little school-ma'am—  
Words and gestures all combined,  
"Boys are such provoking creatures,  
One can never make them mind!"

Years go by, and where the orchard  
Shakes its snowy blossoms down,  
Once again by Katie's ringlets  
Cluster Willie's curls of brown,  
Sitting here within the shadow,  
Listening to the streamlet's flow;  
Thinking of the hours of childhood,  
Of the days of long ago.  
"Katie,"—and a light is gleaming  
In his dark eye, clear and bold,  
"Boys are all provoking creatures,  
And I'm wayward, as of old,  
Stouter hearts than mine have faltered  
O'er the tasks allotted here,  
But if you will guide me, Katie,  
I shall conquer, never fear;  
Katie, will you be my teacher,  
All along, thro' life's great school,  
Take me always for your pupil,  
Guide me by your gentle rule?"

And the witching little damsel  
Gave her curls a saucy shake,  
"If you're coming to my school, sir,  
To your heart this precept take,"  
While the roguish, dancing dimples  
Chase each other o'er her cheeks,  
Pulling off the starry blossoms,  
With mock dignity she speaks,  
"If I take a wayward pupil,  
I've a perfect right to say  
That he shall sincerely promise,  
Promise always to obey."

Through the arching boughs above them  
Softly falls the twilight dew;  
Willie vouches strict obedience,  
And to love and honor, too,  
Where the climbing roses nestle  
Lovingly around the door,  
Where the summer brook goes laughing,  
Dancing on forevermore,  
Katie sways her magic sceptre,  
And 'twere folly not to tell,  
That within this bower of beauty  
Willie keeps his promise well.

"We shape ourselves, the joy or fear  
Of which the coming life is made,  
And fill our future's atmosphere  
With sunshine or with shade.  
The tissue of the life to be  
We weave with colors of our own,  
And in the field of destiny  
We reap as we have sown."

## THE FESTIVAL OF ST. CATHERINE. A REMINISCENCE OF SCHOOL-LIFE IN PARIS.

BY M. R.

"With white, unjewelled hands, at her loom in the heart's inner chamber,  
Memory drew the warp; but the woof grew, in color and fashion,  
As the flying shuttle, Caprice, flashed through *Fancy's* diamonded fingers."

THE Institution for Young Ladies, under the direction of Madame Dupré de Grasse, was in the Quarter du Roule, five minute's walk from the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile.

We had been established in this school about three weeks, having come in the early part of November. It was the eve of Thanksgiving Day "at home," and we were a little homesick at thought of what would be going on in that paradise the next day, "and we far away o'er the billow."

Madame Dupré had, indeed, said that we were not to lose our holiday, and had come a fortnight before to my little room, which looked westward over a splendid English garden, to ask my aid and counsel in planning a novel programme for the celebration of that very day. For it was the Feast of St. Catherine, the patron saint of young girls; a day which is—or was, alas!—of universal observance in institutions for the education of females of every class in the city. There was always, at Madame Dupré's establishment, a concert or private theatricals in the morning, and a ball, *destitute of beaux*, in the evening.

To the *matiné* brothers and cousins were sometimes admitted; but in the evening parents and guardians, with the middle aged and married professors, were alone invited.

Madame had a personal reason for the wish she expressed to celebrate the feast with special solemnity this year. Her only daughter, Mademoiselle Jeanne ("La Belle Jeanne d'Orleans," she had been called in her days of health and bloom, but who now, an invalid of many years' standing, looked more faded at thirty-seven than her beautiful mother at sixty), had recently become a *canoness*—which Lamartine calls, "playing at being a nun"—and had assumed the dress of that condition. She enjoyed a modest revenue connected with this position, and had a separate suite of pretty and commodious rooms looking down on the paved court of her mother's handsome house. She had her own servants, lady's maid, and housekeeper, and enjoyed the freedom of the entire establishment, with such attendance as

she might find convenient from the concierge and the gardener.

Mademoiselle was a child of St. Catherine, having been born on her fête day, and having received her name, with that of madame and of St. Mary Magdalene, in baptism.

We always saw her at dinner on Sundays in her black silk dress, her pearl necklace, sustaining a heavy silver cross, and her rosary of carven wood from Bethlehem. Her large blue eyes were soft and kind, but hollow and dim from suffering. Her hands were slender and elegant; her hair, once black, now almost as white as snow, and soft and wavy as moonlight on waves—so said the poetic Maria, one of the four Vallachians, in a poem she had written for mademoiselle's last birthday. This little tribute was full of feeling and truth; but Maria had not dared present it, because our gentle canoness "held fast to the dream of her youth" in another sense from that of Father Felician's counsel to Evangeline.

It was the desire of madame to compliment and surprise her daughter with an entertainment for the morning of her birthday, made up of recitations and impersonations from the poems of Mrs. Hemans—a writer mademoiselle greatly admired, and whose "Bring Flowers" (so ran the tradition of the *pension*) she had sung in her English boarding school on the occasion of a visit from the queen.

We arranged, with the aid of the pretty English governess, the little programme which follows:

- 1st. Colloquy—The Child's First Grief.  
*Two Russian Girls.*
- 2d. Song—The Messenger Bird.  
*A Vallachian.*
- 3d. Colloquy—The Better Land.  
*Same as 1st Piece.*
- 4th. Song—"Bring Flowers."  
*Three English Sisters.*
- 5th. Recitation—Bernardo Del Carpio.  
*An American.*
- 6th. Song—The Captive Knight.  
*A Vallachian.*

- 7th. Recitation—The palm.  
*An Eastern Demoiselle.*
- 8th. Song—"A Dream of all Things Free."  
*Md'lle Vieuxtemps.*
- 9th. Recitation—"Rome, Rome, Thou art  
No More!"  
*An Italian.*
- 10th. Colloquy—The Adopted Child.  
*Two Russians.*
- 11th. Colloquy—The Indian's Revenge.  
*Two Spanish Cousins.*
- 12th. Tableau—The Forest Baptism.  
*Eleven Figures.*

I will pass over the weeks of preparation, and give you some results in a description of the entertainment which stood in lieu of Thanksgiving Day, to the half dozen Americans of our circle.

The large salon, or drawing-room was in its festal state. The floor, of polished woods, was bright as bronze. Beautiful rugs, composed of the skins of wild beasts, to which the head and paws were attached, lay before the grates, the piano, and the sofas. A profusion of wax lights lent their subdued brightness to the elegant apartment. Flowers, not too many—white lilies before the virgin's shrine, in one corner—roses wreathed over the portrait of mademoiselle, above the fire-place—holly, with its glistening green and scarlet of leaf and fruit, festooning the eastern window, among whose sombre draperies gleamed a silver star.

The folding-doors that separated the hall of recreation from the school-room at one end, and from the cabinet of design at the other, were now thrown open. The more remote half of the school-room was converted into a stage; a platform, raised three steps from the floor, was covered by living turf, cut from the not far distant slopes of the city rampart. Behind this, cords, drawn from nails driven into rods which fitted into the window frames—no defacing of the elegant walls of polished wood being permitted.

Through the lattice-work thus formed, were thrust twigs of evergreen, to give the appearance of an outer wall, overgrown with ivy. The two windows were almost concealed under twining plants and clustering mosses. Small trees, from the terraced garden, were fastened by leathern straps to such portions of the walls and window-frames, as afforded hiding-places for the nail heads—completing the semblance of a scene in the open air. At one end of the stage was placed a rustic bench, near the centre

stood a rude chair, really antique; and beside this a pretty *jardinière* of roots, which might serve as a work-table, at need.

At 2 o'clock, the rooms were full of guests. There is no republic like a *Paris Pension*. We saw assembled in the beautiful gallery, persons of every social grade, from the mistress of *solfège*, in her black dress and valenciennes cap, the livery of the respectable class of work-women, to which she belonged by birth and marriage, and the dancing-master, an invalid soldier of the same rank, to the elegant Spanish courtesa, little Helena's mother, who gave every Monday morning, with the most modest simplicity, her golden Napoleon instead of the regular two sous, to the poor-box—and the superb Prince Ghika, who has since assumed a place among the minor sovereignties of Europe.

A brilliant cluster of professional musicians occupied a place near the platform. At the end of a soft, plaintive prelude, from piano, flute and harp, the curtain rose.

Pretty, pale Olga Petrona, a Russian from the borders of the Frozen Sea, was seated in the garden-chair. She wore a dress of the deepest mourning; the fluted border of a widow's cap surrounded her softly oval face; a large locket hung by a heavy golden chain, across her scarf of violet velvet. A graceful basket, piled with white illusion, was placed beside her, on the mossy surface of the *jardinière*. She seemed to have just laid aside her work, and one little hand lay amid the folds of the glistening tissue that trailed over her lap, from the basket. An expression of heart-breaking sorrow lay on her girlish features.

Suddenly a sound of feet—a child's impetuous movement, and a slender figure, in the dress of a boy of five, burst upon the scene. White linen, black velvet, jaunty hat, among whose floating, black plumes were stuck, with carefully studied carelessness, some daisies and a rose, this was the picture. The child was our other Olga, little Olga Gorchakoff, a tiny waif from the vicinity of Moscow, who already at ten, babbled in half a dozen languages—just such thoughts as any little American girl of ten prattles in her own. Her English now flowed pure and true, not an ear in the audience, though there were Britons of each of the three kingdoms among our visitors, would have detected the slightest fault of enunciation. The words were those of that dainty gem.

"The child's first grief." It is almost the

only one with a formal moral, from the graceful pen the morning's labors were meant to honor. No one, however, criticised it, on that account. Tears, the sweetest testimonial of interest, stood in many eyes, as Alga Petrowna, with a little touch, just the faintest little *push*, of the child's shoulder, pronounced:

"Go: thou must play alone, my child;  
Thy brother is in Heaven!"

And earlier, when, taking the rose from the child's hat, as she drew him to her side, she recited the words:

"A rose's brief, bright life of joy,  
Such unto him was given."

Her look, tone, and gesture were full of nature and feeling.

Russian children acquire English like a second mother-tongue.

As the curtain fell, the rich accords of the instruments broke forth; and the Vallachian *Katinka's* pure wild tones rang out in the words of "The Messenger Bird."

Familiar as were these lines there was a singular charm in hearing them flow, mellow and clear, each word a pearl, from lips alien, only a year ago, to English speech and song.

Katinka's dark eyes gave added fullness to the impression—all human tenderness and longing looked wistfully from their depths, as she gave voice to the universally-felt question, "But, oh! do they *love* there, still?"

The curtain rose a second time on the same speakers, in the same characters, as at first.

It was again a mother and her boy, personated by the two Olgas. The words were those of the little poem, entitled "The Better Land."

This was followed by "Bring Flowers," a song, by three English sisters, the Ladies Alice, Isabel, and Bridget Stewart.

They were all fair, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired; all in white, with blue scarfs, and blush roses in tress and girdle. They sang on the stage; and its swarded mound and sombre background of greenery, framed a picture a widowed father's eye might well rest on in tenderness and pride. They looked a triune personation of Innocence, May, and Morning, and their voices rung, sweetly shrill, through the beautiful song, unstained by any instrumental accompaniment; and, in fact, were not so rich in quality as to well dispense with such a support.

The place they left was quickly filled by the modest, gifted Julie Vieuxtemps, a niece of the distinguished violinist.

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She held in her arms a small, elegant instrument, which she only touched lightly, now and then. Her voice was full of the eloquence of feeling, and of a tone deep and grand as an organ's. She sang, "I dream of all things free!"

Genius, heavy if brilliant gift, crowned her girlish head, and idealized her slightly bending figure. She looked seventeen, but I learned that she was three years younger. Her talent was the pride and boast of our youthful sisterhood. I have often looked for her name on the lists of the triumphant "daughters of music," but it has never met my eye, since I saw her last among her school-mates in the play-room, when I bade good-by to enchanting Paris.

Perhaps her artistic nature is unfolding in the freer conditions of a better life. Wherever she lives, her existence must be, I am sure of it, one of fine and harmonious development.

For the next representation on our programme, the scenery of the stage was simplified, by the removal of seats, table, and hanging-baskets.

"A recitation, by an American young lady," was the announcement.

Alone, in the centre of the platform, stood a figure in armor; for the arrangement of this, the costume of Joan of Arc, in the statue by Marie d'Orleans, Louis Philippe's daughter, having been exactly imitated. The face was one worthy of marble, or rather of alabaster, in purity of lines and of expression. It was that of Lily C—, an orphan, of but thirteen, to whom the years since the date of that school-girl festival have brought complete fruition of the splendid promise of her childhood.

She was already of full stature and noble proportions. Her complexion of lilies and roses, her regular features, the grand curve of throat and chin, the blue, cold, imperial eyes, and snow-white teeth, tiny and regular, and the flow of abundant, wavy, flaxen hair, constituted in themselves a superb dowry. Beside these, however, Lily possessed the quickest and justest perception of literary beauty I ever met with in one of her age, and a power of interpreting to the ear and soul of an auditor all she herself found in the author's words, which I have hardly ever known surpassed in any one. She recited the romantic, chivalrous ballad, entitled "Bernardo del Carpio."

Next followed "The Lay of the Captive Knight," sang to a wild, wailing air, by Maria Klilmski, a dark, pale Vallachian, of eighteen. Her performance was not that of a school-girl;



it entered the sanctuary of the profoundest experience, it seemed the cry rather than the voice of lamentation and entreaty.

"Cease awhile, clarion!  
Clarion wild and shrill!"

came like a shriek, or a wail, from her pale lips. Maria's face was one of those slender straight-lined physiognomies which a turban, or a turban-like arrangement of the hair, alone makes pleasing. She had magnificent eyes, black as night, with full, white lids and long, jetty lashes. These were her sole claim to beauty; but one rarely meets a countenance of so much power, not to say fascination. Dress made or marred her beyond most persons. She wore, at least for the moment of her appearance on the platform, a rich dress of amber-colored satin; heavy braids of black hair, all her own, enfolded the head, otherwise too narrow, and a single creamy camelia was set over the left ear. Thus adorned, she looked another muse—Asiatic, not Grecian—or the queen of some barbaric tribe—or, in fact, the *Soldan's* daughter, who should come to set the Christian captive free!

(To be continued.)

#### "BE COURTEOUS."

EVERY wise farmer knows that if his young cattle be roughly treated, they will generally behave roughly to one another. Even little calves, before their horns begin to sprout, will fight and push each other about, if they are used to harsh treatment from the herd-boy. Moreover, it is a well known fact that the young creatures grow all the faster, and fatten all the better, when they are treated with kindness and gentleness.

Surely we may take a lesson from this, in the discharge of higher duties. Does not every wise mother know that, if the elder children are harshly treated, they will generally tyrannize over and ill-use the little ones? And, for the same reason, the little ones soon learn to bicker and quarrel with one another.

One great point in the comfort of every family, rich and poor, is a habit of civility and kindness amongst themselves. Never allow the bigger and the stronger to strike or oppress the smaller and the weaker; nor the weaker and the smaller to tease and vex one another. If the elder sister is rough to the baby, she is teaching that same baby a lesson of unkindness to the next baby.

Never let the children contradict one another rudely; nor use unfeeling words; nor snatch away a favorite toy: little faults lead to great. The Bible precept, "Be courteous," includes all these things, and a great deal more. For true courtesy extends to the feelings of others, as well as to their outward welfare.

It is of great importance, in the decent training of all children, that order, neatness, and civility be kept up during meal-times. However frugal be the meal, however simple be the food, let each child be tidy and orderly, while partaking of it. Let each little hand and face be well washed, and let the hair be nicely combed. If possible, let each child be provided with a separate plate and spoon: these may be got very cheap. Order and neatness at meals are really points of so much moment in the comfort of every family, rich and poor, that we may be forgiven if the advice here offered seem a little intrusive.

A little incident in my own early childhood is still fresh in my remembrance. I happened to be calling at a very poor man's cottage at dinner-time. The laborer had just come in from his hard work. Dinner was quite ready. A very coarse, but clean cloth covered the table. The children's faces and hands had just been washed: and a plate, and a little heap of salt, were tidily laid out for each. The dinner was, indeed, a simple one: it consisted only of potatoes; but thanks were as reverently given to the God of all goodness, as if it had been a feast. And the orderly manner in which the children ate their food might have been an example to the children of a nobleman. No doubt the blessing of God did descend on that meal and on that family.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT AND MORAL ENERGY.—He who by an intellectual and moral energy awakens kindred energies in others, touches springs of infinite might, gives impulse to faculties to which no bounds can be prescribed, begins an action which will never end. One great and kindling thought, from a retired and obscure man, may live when thrones are fallen, and the memory of those who filled them obliterated, and, like an undying fire, may illumine and quicken all future generations.

THERE is no sin we can be tempted to commit, but we shall find a greater satisfaction in resisting than in committing.



## A TRUE INCIDENT.

THE dreadful scourge that, rising mysteriously somewhere in Asia, and sweeping westwardly on the wings of death, reached this country in the summer of 1832, all remember. No city felt this plague more severely than New York. Her popular streets were almost deserted; and a Sabbath-like stillness hung over them. All who could escape into the country hurried away with steps of fear, and those who remained had but feeble hope of surviving the awful visitation. In this state of things, it became necessary for the partners (four in number, and brothers) in a large manufacturing business to determine what course they should pursue. They could not close their establishment, for, of the two or three hundred men employed, more than half were dependent on their daily earning for the support of their families; and, if the operations of the establishment went on, one of the brothers, at least, must remain in New York at the risk of his life. The first decision to which they came was, that the business could not be suspended, and that one of the firm must continue in the city, and the other three seek a place of safety, with their families, in the country. Then the question arose as to who should remain. The oldest brother immediately volunteered. But all instantly objected, and each in turn offered himself for the dangerous service.

A greater difficulty than had been anticipated was here presented. Either of the brothers would have cheerfully remained, but the others could not make up their minds to leave him in the post of danger. Each had reasons to urge why it would be better for himself to remain; but no matter how good these were to the individual, they possessed no weight with the rest.

"I'm afraid we shall all have to remain," at last remarked the eldest.

"That is risking too much," said the younger brother. "I am in excellent health, and can meet the disease, it strikes me, with far better chances of escape than any of the rest. Why, then put in jeopardy all our lives? But suppose I should get sick and die—the one will fall who can best be spared."

"It's my opinion," said the second brother, in reply to this, smiling as he spoke, "that we'd better get rid of Charles (the youngest) at once, by sending him off, per force, to the

country, and then settle this question between the three who remain. It will be the easiest way."

"And then serve Thomas (the next youngest) after the same fashion," said the oldest. "You and I can draw lots after they are gone."

"Why not draw lots now?" remarked Thomas.

"Will you go if the lot is against you?" was asked.

Thomas shook his head. "I shouldn't like to say that."

"I rather think we shall all have to remain," said the oldest brother; "and, upon reflection, I don't know but that will be the best thing. If three should go away and leave the whole establishment upon one, that one will, of necessity, have a larger amount of care, labor, and anxiety than usual, and be, of course, in greater danger than if his business cares were lessened from what they are at present, as they would be if all remained, with a diminished force of workmen. For three to go away and leave one at the post of danger, would be almost certain death to that one. But if all remain, the chances are greatly in favor of all escaping."

This very sensible view became at once the view of all. From that moment the question was settled. Their families were removed to some distance from the city, and all necessary arrangements made for meeting the coming pestilence.

Scarcely were their arrangements made, ere the shadow of the destroyer fell upon the city. Men paused in alarm, and then fled from the infected region by thousands.

"Here yet!" said a gentleman in surprise, meeting the elder brother one morning, as the latter was going as usual to his place of business. "I thought every man who could get away had already left the city. Nothing but imperious necessity keeps me in this lazaretto."

"We have over two hundred men in our establishment who cannot get away, and whose daily bread depends on their daily labor. We must stay with them," was the calm reply.

"Where are your brothers?"

"They are here."

"All of them?"

"Yea."

"Bless me! You are running too great a

risk. Three of you, at least, ought to go from the city."

"Leaving the fourth overburdened with care and labor, and, in consequence, doubly in danger," was answered. "Oh, no! That would never do. The place of duty is always the place of safety. It is clearly our duty to remain, and, therefore, we will be safest in New York. I repose unlimited trust in Providence, and fear no evil while doing what I plainly see to be right."

"But death would be an evil, and, if you stay in the city, you are as likely to die as any one."

"No," was replied. "I do not view death as an evil. So important an event as the removal of a human soul from a natural to a spiritual state, does not take place without the permission of Him by whom the very hairs of our head are numbered. Only at the right time will it be made. If I am to fall by this pestilence, I trust that I am ready to go."

The gentleman hurried on his way, surprised at what he had heard. He was one of two brothers who were in business together. The other brother, who had deserted his post under the first excitement of a selfish fear, leaving this one to close the store and follow, or remain, as his own judgment might dictate. He had chosen to remain.

During the whole period that the cholera raged in New York, the brothers remained firm at their posts; and so careful were they in all that pertained to their workmen, lest from over-exertion, or other causes within their power to control, a pre-disposition to disease should be created, that but a very small number in their employment suffered from cholera, and only one death occurred.

At last the hand of the destroyer was stayed, and the thousands who had fled in consternation flowed back and filled the old places. To the surprise of many who had heard the resolution of the brothers, they were found alive and well. They had passed through the furnace, unharmed by the fire.

#### "DIED YESTERDAY."

EVERY day is written this little sentence: "Died yesterday, so and so." Every day a flower is plucked from some sunny home; a breach made in some happy circle; a jewel stolen from some treasury of love. Each day, from the summer fields of life, some harvester disappears—yea, every hour some sentinel falls

from his post, and is thrown from the ramparts of time into the surging waters of eternity. Even as we write, the funeral of one who "died yesterday" winds like a winter shadow along the street.

"Died yesterday." Who died? Perhaps it was a gentle babe, sinless as an angel, pure as the zephyr's hymn—one whose laugh was as the gush of summer rills loitering in a bower of roses—whose little life was a perpetual litany, a May-time crowned with the passion flowers that never fade. Or, mayhap it was a youth, hopeful and generous—one whose path was hemmed by flowers, with not a serpent lurking underneath—one whose soul panted after communion with the great and good, and reached forth with earnest struggle for the guerdon in the distance. But that heart of his is still now, for he "died yesterday."

"Died yesterday." A young girl, pure as the orange flowers that clasped her forehead, was stricken down as she stood at the altar; and from the dim aisles of the temple she was borne to the "garden of the slumberers." A tall, browned man, girt with the halo of victory, and at the day's close, under his own vine and fig-tree, fell to dust even as the anthem trembled upon his lips; and he, too, was laid "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." An angel patriarch, bowed with age and cares, even as he looked out upon the distant hills for the coming of the angel host, sank into a dreamless slumber; and on his door post, next day, was written, "Died yesterday."

"Died yesterday." Daily, men, women, and children are passing away; and hourly, in some graveyard, the soil is flung upon the dead. As often in the morn we find some flower that blushed sweetly in the sunset has withered up forever, so, daily, when we rise from the bivouac to stand against our posts, we miss some brother soldier, whose cheery cry in the sieges and struggles of the past has been as fire from Heaven upon our heart.

Each day some pearl drops from the jeweled thread of friendship—some lyre to which we have been wont to listen has been hushed forever. But wise is he who mourns not the pearl and music lost, for life with him shall pass away gently as an eastern shadow from the hills, and death be a triumph and a gain.

GIRLS AND YOUNG MEN.—In girls we love what they are, but in young men what they promise to be.

## DR. HILL AND SIMEON SAWYER. AN OLD TIME TEMPERANCE TALE.

BY ELLA LATROBE.

IT may add to the interest of the following sketch to state that Dr. Hill, its hero—for he was a hero—is an actual character who lived a life fruitful in good works, and died, with a conscience void of offence, before any organized movement was made to abate the evils of intemperance. While he lived, even good people deemed him a fanatic; but the influence of his teaching and example; and that of men like-minded with himself, gave the first impulse to that Temperance Reform, the blessings of which we cannot sufficiently appreciate. If so much evil still arises from intemperance, what would have been our condition, if the habit of fashionable drinking had grown with the growth of population, unchallenged and unresisted?

The world, half a century ago was a world different indeed, from what it now is, and especially in this country is the contrast wide. A man could then run in debt for liquor, his own body being a perpetual pledge for the recovery of the debt. For a dollar, or a dollar and a half a writ of attachment could be issued in Massachusetts against the property of the debtor, and in default of property the officer could "take the body." Bail must then be given, and, after trial, "execution" issued. The property was sold to pay debt and costs, or the debtor was committed to jail, with the privilege of taking the "poor debtor's oath," after thirty days. Even against women, being adult and unmarried, or widows, these summary proceedings could be instituted. Step by step, each step resisted by human fossils who declared that all property values would be unsettled by any change, these rigors have been abated. Women were exempted from imprisonment, at one session of the legislature. The minimum for which a man could be incarcerated was raised first to five, and then to ten dollars. For many years the whole system of detention, except as against fraudulent or absconding debtors has been abolished. And a claim for intoxicating liquors, sold for consumption "on the premises" has been for many years not recoverable at law. Of imprisonment for debt but a shadow now remains anywhere—and still the world goes on.

In the days of which our sketch treats, a debtor lived in fear; but debt was rather increased than diminished by such a state of things, since, as we have remarked the "body" was the pledge. Especially unfortunate was the poor debtor who had friends or connections, able to pay. To incarcerate the debtor was to put his friends to torture, and compel them to pay for his release. In these days lived Simeon Sawyer. He was not a drunkard, only a "temperate drinker;" but his temperate drinks cost more than the bread for his household. He did not drink till he could not see; but he did drink until his house was mortgaged, and he was universally in debt. He had at last reached the condition when he never caught sight of a dollar. If he happened to get a week's work, it was an even chance that on Saturday night his employer—if he had no claim of his own against poor Simeon, would produce a "Trustee Writ." The operation of this document was to forbid the employer to pay the wages earned, and to constitute the said employer a "trustee," who must hold the funds for some lynx-eyed creditor. Those were prosperous days for country "squires and small lawyers, who grew rich on dribblets constantly falling in; and the prevalent custom of tipping brought them constant gains. Not seldom was a man hired in conspiracy with his creditor and the lawyers, and the "Trustee" was a sharer in the benefit. The only way for a poor wretch in those days was to run in debt, if he could, and "work it out;" a doleful, hopeless sort of working; keeping the poor in the most woful of woful plight.

Simeon Sawyer owed the doctor. Even doctors in those days collected bills of the poor, for a debt was a debt. Yet, to the credit of the faculty it must be conceded, that they made then, as they do now, many bad debts which they never attempted to recover. A man of feeling cannot refuse assistance when fellow-creatures are suffering. Simeon was sunning himself before his own door, one fine spring morning. Perhaps if he had not owed a hopeless score at the "store" and another at the tavern, he would have been sunning himself at one of those two places. Dr. Hill came along the road. His first thought was to pass

Simeon with a "how do you do," but suddenly he halted as if an inspiration had seized him.

"Morning, Simeon. I have a pretty large sum to make up, and perhaps you could help me a little, on account?"

Simeon had not a dollar. And never will have one," said his wife, to herself, as she hid within hearing.

"Perhaps you have a few potatoes to spare, left over." Not a peck! His wife nodded to that. The last "boiling" was in the pot.

"Nothing to do to-day?" said the doctor. Simeon had nothing. "Plenty of places to work," thought his wife, "but what's the use? All goes for old debts." Simeon was awfully discouraged, and no wonder.

"Can't you do something in your own garden? It's fine planting weather."

"Tain't no use. I've been warned out, for the squire is going to foreclose on his mortgage. Besides, I hain't no seeds, nor nothing."

"Come do a day's work for me then."

Simeon hesitated. But his wife was over-hearing the conversation, and he had some dread of her. He would get his own board for a day, if nothing more; and board included drinks. And Simeon was, oh, how thirsty! So, though rather unwillingly he followed the doctor home.

He was shown into the doctor's snug garden—country doctors always have snug gardens—and instructed what he had to do. Then Dr. Hill left him, with the promise that he would work with him after dinner. Simeon looked up at the sun, and inwardly comforted himself, that as the morning had been loitered away, "leven o'clock," and a dram, could not be far off, and eleven and four o'clock drams were an understood part of every laborer's board. Of course Mrs. Hill knew that! It would seem that she did not, for no summons to the bottle came. Simeon was desperate, but he toiled on; too proud to ask, though he vowed to himself that "Madam Hill did not know manners." When dinner came we need not say he did justice to that meal, though it was not moistened with even a glass of cider.

After dinner he went to work with a better heart. Women are so forgetful! But the doctor was with him, and he would not forget his "four-o'clock." And Simeon inwardly resolved on a double glass, in revenge.

"Dreadful mean!" said Simeon to himself, as four o'clock came and passed, and there were no indications that the doctor had

a memory any better than his wife's. "Dreadful mean!" Simeon muttered. "I have faith to believe that old Pestle and Mortar has sneaked up to the cupboard and left me out, just because I am working off an old debt. It's amazin' strange how many times he has been up to the house for seeds this afternoon."

But Simeon dared not "speak out." He felt "mean and meechin," as he has since described it. Sundown—or near sundown came at last.

"Now, Simeon," said Dr. Hill, "I guess we'll knock off for to-day. I have put in about all the seeds out of these packets that I want. You shall have the rest, if you will put them in your own garden."

Simeon received the seeds with a grum affectation of thanks, and a mental reservation that he would "put them in" in a lump, if at all.

"And now, Simeon," Dr. Hill continued, "I never drink spirits. You do. But you have had to work without for one day, for I don't furnish other folks with what I don't use myself. Fact is, I haven't a drop of rum in the house. But I'm not going to be mean. Take this ninepence and buy something to take home. And, Simeon, come again to-morrow."

Simeon could do no less than say "Yes." The "ninepence" (twelve and a half cents) was moreover some temptation.

"And, Simeon," Dr. Hill went on, "by rights you ought to have your supper. But I know you want to go home. Just look in at the kitchen door as you go along. Maybe Mrs. Hill would like you to draw a bucket of water, or something."

"Humph!" thought Simeon. "He's been and docked my supper to pay for the ninepence."

He did, however, call at the kitchen door. The doctor's wife was waiting for him.

"Here, Simeon," she said, "we've been a baking to-day. Selina Sawyer, your wife, thinks she's a wonderful hand to bake bread. Just take this loaf with my compliment, and tell her that some folks can do some things as well as others. Mind you bring the towel back to-morrow."

"Well," thought Simeon, "the ma'am isn't as mean as the man, anyhow. But how about this ninepence?"

It was burning in his pocket so that he could almost feel it on his skin. It is not to be denied that Simeon was sorely tempted to take toll from it to the value of one small drink.



But better thoughts prevailed, and Simeon carried home half a quarter of a pound of one-dollar Hyson tea. It was a great treat to his wife; and Simeon inwardly confessed that his supper had "relished." Mrs. Sawyer opened the packets of seeds. "Well, I declare," she said, "I was just thinking to-day, that if I had some seeds, lettuce and such, I'd kind of scratch up a border myself, and put them in the ground." The effect of this suggestion was that a little bed was dug in the garden by Simeon in the twilight. Mrs. Sawyer put in the seeds, and the children tumbled about in everybody's way. The family retired with the profound satisfaction that something in the way of future support was *done* for once.

So passed a week, a whole week; for Simeon began at the doctor's on a Monday. Five "ninepences" (besides little presents in kind,) was more clean cash than had found its way into that house for many a week. By daily small instalments Simeon's bit of a garden was planted; for the doctor sent him home in good season every day, and always had some seeds over. And, on Saturday afternoon, quitting work at an early hour, as was the good old custom, Dr. Hill said: "Come, Simeon, into the office, and we'll settle."

"Settle!" thought poor Simeon, "it's a poor settlement, when a body has only a ninepence to receive."

"Now, Simeon," said Dr. Hill, "a dollar a day is large wages as times go. But I'm bound to say you have made a good week's work for me. I shall allow you a dollar."

"Humph," thought Simeon. "He might as well allow two dollars a day, for all the odds it would make. I never can pay his bill, and he knows it well enough."

"But, Simeon," the doctor continued, "I've concluded to pay you half cash and put three dollars to your credit—on one condition."

Three dollars, clean cash! Simeon was almost as much intoxicated at the thought, as if the doctor had relented from his temperance principles, and given him a double glass of Santa Cruz "aperits." He professed himself ready for any condition. But the stipulation really staggered him when it came.

"You must take this three dollars home to your wife, and let her have the spending of it. And you must promise not to drink a drop of rum, till I write you a regular prescription for it."

Simeon hesitated—and no wonder. Such an unreasonable thing to ask! Whoever heard the like? As he pondered, the doctor

said: "Well, Simeon, if you don't like the terms, I can just put down the whole six dollars to the old account, you know. That might suit *me* better."

But Simeon thought of his wife. He must tell her, and what would *she* say? With a strong gulp he swallowed the terms; and agreed to go on and work for the doctor another week. We need not attempt to describe the pleasure of his wife when three dollars and twelve and a half cents were taken home to her on that Saturday evening. Simeon did wish he could have taken it to the store himself, to pay "something on account," and run a few new items on his bill, and get the "treat" with which paying customers were complimented. But he dared not speak his thoughts, and Mrs. Sawyer kept her hold on the money.

The wife had not been idle at home, while Simeon was busy at the doctor's. The house was vastly brightened up, "slicked up," Simeon called it. He thought, all the while, that it was no use. But it was pleasant, any way. And Mrs. Sawyer had wonderfully rejuvenated the family wardrobe. Simeon and his wife, and the children of Simeon and his wife, went out in force to "meeting" on the next day; and "folks did hope" they were turning over a new leaf. Indeed, the leaf was already turned.

Another week, very like that just passed over. The only notable circumstance was that Mrs. Sawyer sent some doughnuts to the doctor's wife, to show that lady that, if she was good on a bake, Mrs. Sawyer was great on a fry. The doctor smiled when he heard of it. "There's hope of those folks, ma'am," he said. "Be kind of careful how you send presents back. Let all gifts be complimentary. It's no use making people feel that they are paupers. Pride is a first rate tonic. We'll set the Sawyers on their feet, yet, Mrs. Hill."

The next Saturday night brought a new surprise. "Simeon," said the doctor, "there's a five hundred-dollar mortgage on that house of yours."

"Yes," said Simeon, dolefully.

"And there's five years' back interest."

Simeon gloomily assented.

"Five thirties is a hundred and fifty—simple interest—and five hundred is six hundred and fifty."

A sad nod in answer.

"Well, I've been and traded for that mortgage and claim. I'll give you quits on your doctor's bill. And I'll take a new mortgage for the six hundred, and you must work out



the fifty dollars back interest, half cash, you know, and keep the running interest down."

"The lawful suz!" exclaimed Simeon, at what seemed to him the hopeless prospect.

"Now, Simeon," said Dr. Hill, "I'm not going to cheat you. And I don't pretend to be overly generous. I can't afford it. I can foreclose, you know. That snug little property of yours will bring a thousand dollars, any way. I'd give it myself. Costs, say a hundred, incumbrances on it, six hundred and fifty. Seven hundred and fifty into a thousand once, and two hundred and fifty over."

Simeon's eyes sparkled. The doctor, he thought, might foreclose if he liked.

"But," continued the doctor, "there's Brown has an execution against you for fifty, and Jones for a hundred, and executions are good against real estate or personal property either. The executions leave you a hundred. And I reckon that somebody or other will 'trustee' that hundred."

Simeon's eyes fell. The doctor knew his thoughts as if he were in him. "Well, Simeon, what do you say? You're to keep to the bargain about Santa Cruz, too, mind."

"Dr. Hill, you're the best friend I ever found," said Simeon, rising and taking the physician by the hand. "It's a bargain, and Simeon Sawyer drinks no more rum, from this day out, forever, and ever, amen!"

"Till I prescribe it," said the doctor, smiling.

"I talk late that don't change the conditions much," said Simeon, with an answering smile.

How Dr. Hill managed to engineer for Simeon Sawyer, compromising and arranging with his creditors till there was left to Simeon no more terror of writs of attachment, executions, and trustee writs, we have not space to describe. The sum of the story is, that Simeon died at a good old age, leaving his property unencumbered and largely increased in value. And at this date there are quite a circle of brothers and cousins, whose grandparents and great grandparents take in the two houses of the Dr. Hill and Simeon Sawyer of our sketch.

No WITHER'D leaflet falls to earth,  
No blade of grass bursts from its sheath of green;  
No grain of sand is swallow'd by the wave  
Unnoted by that ruling Providence  
That guides the universe, yet stoops to clothe  
The flower with beauty! and from seeming ills  
Works out our truest most enduring good!

## "THOUGHTS FROM OVER THE RIVER."

BY HERMANN ALDERMEADE.

ANOTHER star of early morn  
Is lost in light sublime;  
Another bark has just been borne,  
On stormy waves of time,  
To the beautiful isles of the happy past,  
Where the spirit loves to dwell,  
And sad regrets no shadows cast  
Upon the mem'ry's spell.

For on these peaceful shores, in vain  
The storms of life contend;  
And mem'ries sweet, a form regain,  
Which only love can lend.  
There are beautiful dreams of departed years,  
In immortal colors drest;  
But shattered hopes and fallen tears,  
Ne'er find this land of rest.

The Tree of Life is blooming there,  
With healing in its leaves,  
A soothing balm for ev'ry care—  
For ev'ry heart that grieves,  
And the burden of sorrow awhile is cast,  
When we reach that mystic shore;  
The present lost in the happy past,  
With loved ones gone before.

And now in fairer, brighter skies,  
Beyond the realms of night,  
Another star begins to rise,  
With heaven's golden light;  
From the shadowy scenes of forgotten days,  
Where the sunbeams never fall,  
Its mild illuminating rays  
The buried past recall.

How sweet to think that friendship's ties,  
When death's cold stream is past,  
In brighter worlds beyond the skies,  
May be renewed at last.  
'Tis a glorious thought that the heart holds dear,  
Through the rugged path of life,  
Which brightens as the end draws near—  
The end of time—and strife.

WHICH SIDE THEY WEAR.—A curious observer has discovered that men and boys invariably run the heels of their boots and shoes over outwardly, while women and girls always run theirs over inwardly. Out of one hundred and forty-seven men and boys that passed the observer at a given point, this fact was true in every instance; out of sixty-seven women that passed, it was true in every instance but one.

## MODEST HOMES.

BY M. E. ROCKWELL.

I SPENT a few weeks last spring with a dear friend in a neighboring city, and during the time we chanced to have a few quiet talks about home affairs. It has often occurred to me since, how much housekeepers might help each other by a freer interchange of experiences and conclusions. But a good many of us seem to feel that the test of success in house-keeping is the ability to keep the machinery out of sight, and achieve the greatest possible number of hours of freedom from any apparent thought of it.

Especially this seems true of city housekeepers. I know a family of eleven members where all the work except the washing is done by the mother and her three young daughters. The house is comfortably furnished, prettily and tastefully decorated and exquisitely kept. Call there when you will there is nothing to indicate that they do not keep at least two efficient servants. It is always quiet and orderly, though it is the home of four or five young children, and as many more youths and maidens. Sometimes, of course, some of the ladies are invisible. That happens in other families, who do keep servants, quite as often. Those you do see are neatly attired, the mother talks of schools and vacations, the church and the sewing-circle. The girls have bits of fancy work, or play you a new piece on the piano.

It is beautiful, and admirable, and wonderful. But it drives the less successful housekeeper almost to despair. *She* sometimes gets caught in a disarranged sitting-room, in a soiled dress and with untidy children around her. And she tries very hard to manage rightly. If the serene, pleasant-voiced matron sitting there at her ease would only reveal her secret! But her manner grows slightly more reserved if any approach to the subject is ventured. No skilful and delicate compliment wins an intimation of "how it is done." From her aspect you would conclude that things did themselves in her house and she never looked to see how, or else that there was a magical charm at the bottom which would be broken if she opened her lips to speak of it.

Heaven defend us from the woman who relates in fullest detail the occurrences of her kitchen and nursery when we call upon her.

But a few practical hints, to say nothing of a glimpse of the perfected *system* which must underlie such achievements, would often be a work of noble Christian charity to less successful, painfully anxious sisters.

As we have intimated, it is different in the country. A great deal is said and written about the ways of rural households. Even before dear, garulous Pipsey Potts took us into her inmost confidence, and showed us how homeliest and delicatest knowledges and tastes can flourish together, it was not a new field. They probably do not try to make secrets of their ways there. The great kitchen is open to all; often it is used as the general entrance hall, while the front gate is boarded up to keep stray cattle from breaking in at sight of the tantalizing tall grass in the door-yard, and the front door is only used to sit in.

But country housekeepers, rich and poor, have many comforts and luxuries in common. The free, pure air, the inspiring, expansive view, all the pretty rural sights and sounds that help out so admirably with a scanty home, furnishing it so wondrously, oftentimes, with a few golden sunbeams, and dancing shadows in place of upholstery, and giving you through an open window a picture rarer than many which cost hundreds and thousands of dollars.

And housekeeping from these influences becomes more manageable and yielding, more picturesque and pleasing. It is easier to keep clean with acres of fresh verdure around; neatness and order come to have a little different meanings where every inch of room, indoor and out, does not have to be considered; and if guests come, and the sitting-room and chambers are not in order, there is the cool, slightly piazza, or the big warm kitchen where they can with propriety be seated for a time.

When the city becomes the scene of a writer's picture we are apt to hear either of the wealthy, aristocratic families with their palatial residences and numerous servants, their elegance and luxury, or of the wretchedly poor who live in squalor and destitution.

Between these is a class, more numerous perhaps than either, made up of the families of men of regular habits and industry whose salaries or wages judiciously expended will

make comfortable, inviting homes—sometimes, if they choose, pretentious ones. And in these exists the necessity for close calculations and exact system in a greater degree than in any other households. The man of limited means in the country has his garden, his cow, pig, and chickens to help make the balance between income and out-go.

In the city there is nothing but just so much money weekly, monthly, or quarterly. Just so much to do with—everything that it is possible to do with it, to be done. Everything takes money. Not a splinter of wood, not a potato or onion that has not cost its portion of the store. If a young couple are wise and fortunate enough at the beginning to lay by sufficient to buy a small house, that stops the rent when the other expenses have become larger. And then, there is the water-rent, and the taxes, and the repairs. Not so much gained as would seem.

Everywhere the woman who keeps the house has most to do with these things. If she do not calculate, and plan, and study to do wisely, she will hardly find the modest income furnishing food and clothing, and keeping a little fund accumulating for sickness or death. Some succeed almost beyond belief or understanding. They do the work with their own hands, or by the aid of a washwoman and chore-girl, or keep one servant, as the differing circumstances require or permit. They seem to know by intuition what they can afford and what they cannot. They have fresh suits at about such intervals, they take the children to church and Sunday school regularly, and well-dressed. Everything in the house has its time and its manner of being done, and it seems to be the right time and the right way. And sometimes the neatness, and precision, and judicious selection give the impression of luxury, and neighbors "wonder that the B's can live in such style on their income." Others do not get along so smoothly. They seem never to be able to discover what their income will furnish and what it will not. Things are incongruous and perplexing. One room is furnished for show while another lacks necessities. They have costly dresses one year and go shabby for two or three. They go to church sometimes, when bonnets, dresses, gloves, and boots come into fortunate conjunction. Others still, with more accurate ideas of what they can afford to buy, cannot manage the labor without undue fatigue, confinement and worry. Things get dirty and shabby and keep so. Everything gets out of joint as to

times and seasons. The right thing one week don't seem to work well when the next comes, but is sure to be elbowed aside by some more pressing necessity.

And daughters of rich families sometimes marry these poor men, for love, and with their parent's consent, too, God bless them! They are willing to live plainly, on a limited income, but sometimes fail after many trials to find the way to do so gracefully and happily.

So a real blessing to many a home in this middle class would be a knowledge of the practices and experiences of those who have succeeded in making a well-ordered home without over-work or over-anxiety, whether it be in a small "Philadelphia brick," with its exclusive, tiny belongings, or in a New York or Providence "tenement," where halls, yards, and cellars are shared by two or more families.

We wish some *bona fide* housekeeper, who has brought up a family of boys and girls, would take to the lecture field and give us some definite principles for a basis, at least. Here is a position open to most of us which requires the highest financial, administrative and strategical abilities. What a few have done so well, the rest of us ought to do in better fashion than we do.

But as the woman who lectures, or proposes to lecture, on practical, economical house-keeping, instructing us in its most minute and homely details, showing us what should be done, and how it should be done, what should not, and why not, has not to our knowledge been yet announced, we shall have to content ourselves with such bits and suggestions as longing observation of the best models can add to the treasures which our own experience has gathered.

ANTS AS ENGINEERS.—It appears that the ants in Panama are not merely mining engineers—they build tubular bridges. A corresponding member of the Glasgow National History Society, who has lately been in that country, describes the curious covered ways constructed by these ingenious insects. In tracing one of these covered ways, he found it led over a pretty wide fracture in the rocks, and was carried across in the air in the form of a tubular bridge of half an inch in diameter. It was the scene of busy traffic. There was nearly a foot of unsupported tube from one edge of the cliff to the other.

## OTHER PEOPLE'S WINDOWS.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

### No. XIV.

I HAVE always found a slate, with a pencil attached to it by a cord, one of the necessary articles in the kitchen. One cannot always remember to buy starch, pepper, oil, rubber, buttons, darning-needle, and such things; neither can one remember to mould candles, look after the canned fruit, roast coffee, pay subscriptions, or put the nest-eggs back in the morning, unless it is jotted down.

I glance over the slate to-day and one among a dozen items is: "How David makes vinegar."

David is a little pink-and-white husband who clerks in Coulter's store, a pure, sweet lamb of a man, for whom we all know a place awaits him among the angels.

I was coming up from the druggist's the other day and got to wheezing so that I had to stop and rest and loaf awhile at the store. David shoved out a glass-box for me to sit upon, and wanted to take my calash and mittens, and glimmered around very politely. They had just opened a barrel of vinegar, and it was so good that the smell came up from the cellar like a strong voice, hailing for attention. I remarked that they kept good vinegar, or it wouldn't make itself manifest in that earnest kind of style.

"David made that vinegar," said Mrs. Coulter, "out of some sour sloppy stuff that was palmed off upon us a few weeks ago."

I looked over admiringly at David, but his modest brown eyes were cast down and he was twiddling his thumbs as though there was nothing the matter at all.

He had taken thin muslin and made a little sack about eight or ten inches long, and not much over an inch or so wide, and filled it with corn meal, and suspended it by a string inside of the barrel, fastening the string at the bung; not allowing the sack to touch anywhere, but to hang in the vinegar. It formed a nucleus round which the "mother" accumulated. That was all he did.

Oh, dear! I wish there wasn't a man about for a little while till I could have my talk out. I don't want them sitting around with ears up like scared rabbits, listening to every thing I say to you women. Sometimes I've something

confidential to say—real private talk, and I don't want a man of 'em lurking round to catch a word now and then.

Well—what's your greatest trouble, my dears? do you have crosses to bear, some in one way, and some another? Every woman has; and every woman thinks her own the heaviest. One has ill health, another an imbecile child, one ungrateful children, one a coarse, unkind husband—another's husband may be a close-fisted niggard, or he may be untrue, or unfaithful, and unloving—another may have to grapple with the barest of poverty, and the foe to the peace of another, may be her own ill temper.

This last one is just as bad, perhaps the worst of all the list of evils—it embitters, stains, pollutes the whole system, physically, morally, and intellectually, like a crystal spring in the wildwood whose pure waters have been poisoned by noisome bitter herbs.

God's grace is sufficient for all—there is no woe so poignant that it cannot be reached by this Friend, whose eye sees every tear, and whose ear hears every cry. If you are ill-tempered, use your best endeavors to overcome the evil habit—use good sense, keep cool, call upon your better judgment—pause, think, deliberate, act. You may be shaken with angry passion—it may seem as though you were wronged—abused—hurt—but after a while the tempest will subside, and the sun come out, and the smiles beam upon your face, and if you have not spoken unkind, unreasonable words, you will be serenely happy.

But if you said things that were beneath the dignity of a lady—if your beloved ones saw your visage dark and distorted, and looked upon the ravages of passion, and heard vindictive words, you can hardly hope to stand uncondemned in their sight.

Oh, that is so humiliating to a woman who should stand up in the centre of her family—set apart—canonized—like a priestess among worshippers.

Some of the sweetest women, the most noble and generous whom I know, have no other fault, no foe to encounter than their own ill tempers, and they tell me of it with tears and with good resolves, but the habit is so rooted

into their very natures that it is like gouging their eyes out to control it.

To such women I say: to-morrow morning, before you get out of bed, ask the Friend of the tried and the tempted to hold you by the hand all through the day, and not to let you slip and fall. Fervently resolve to keep this in mind, to look up, to hold fast His helping hand; be careful of every word; if you are provoked, tighten your lips and think, "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." Try real hard to get through one day pleasantly, and cheerfully, and serenely, and see how rich and good you'll feel at night when you lie down on your pillow. It won't be a pillow of thorns such as passion indulged in, has brought your poor face upon, all tear-wet, many and many a time. Oh, no!

Well, if you can get through one day you can another, by God's grace, and that will be two steps "nearer to God"—two steps higher. Don't despair if you slip and fall frequently, it only proves that you are human; faults of mature growth are not rooted out in a month, or year, especially if they were fostered in infancy by unwisely loving parents.

It is hard to choke back the angry retort, but it is wisdom to do it at all times. The woman who can keep cool under provocation has learned a good lesson. It is well when anger comes suddenly upon one to step aside and discuss the matter with one's self. I overheard a woman once in an instance of this kind. It always seemed to me that every woman had two selves, her angel half and her evil half, and I was pretty sure of it then. She was whispering, "Oh, Mary, that is too bad! But then you're such a woman that you'll bear it; I know you will."

I didn't hear what the demon half said, not a word of it, but I imagined her eyes were bright and blazing, and her hands clinched till her knuckles knotted out fiercely, and that she shook her head and tried to pull herself away from the womanly half.

"Oh, now, Mary," said the voice, full of emotion, "I know it does seem real hard to bear; but if you were vindictive, and said what you thought, the coals would all fall back unspent upon your own head, and you'd feel mean and guilty after it, and as though you had stooped very low.

"Yes, I know that, poor Mary," the voice continued, soothingly; "but you would not be the gainer in the end. Your self-esteem might be a little puffed up, nothing more; the game's not worth the ammunition, dear. Be sure,

you're all shaken now, and you feel as if you couldn't get over it—but, la! when you come to lie down and die, child, where in your thoughts will this trying little annoyance be then? In one year from now you cannot recall it if you let it fall from your hands at this time. Troubles like this, seeming as waves dashing over your head, will be forgotten if forgiven now. Don't mind the little things; don't stumble and fall over pebbles, and flee after the thistle-down that lies lightly on the winds. You are too much of a woman to be caught thus—too noble, too generous, Mary."

Then I heard the wicked self breathe low a little tender, crooning, restful moan, as though peace had come, and a quiet which was the harbinger of that sweet restorer, sleep.

That women have ten times as much to try their patience as men, we do know, but they lose so much by fretting and worrying needlessly. A picture comes up before me of two women I knew in the long ago—one gentle and easy, the other fiery and impetuous. They had a barn raising at the home of the latter, and her husband became intoxicated. His wife sat down and began to cry bitterly, at the top of her shrill voice. Mrs. Easy, in a loosely-fitting wrapper, looked at her—oh, so pitifully!—a whole minute, as though astonished at such an unusual demonstration; then raising her eyebrows, she said in a drawing voice: "There, there, don't cry; take it coolly, my dear!"

"My dear" stamped her little foot as she sharply cried out: "I won't do it! You'd sit in trouble up to your eyes and take it coolly; but I won't—I can't."

They are both old women to-day; Mrs. Easy is a plump, round old grandmother, beloved to the utmost, her face as placid and sweet as a blooming maiden's, hardly a trace of care upon it; her voice is mild, and she speaks of her Saviour as though the light of His blessed countenance fell upon her daily.

Little Mrs. Sharp has a thin, hard face, full of furrows and seams, her eyes are keen and knify, her figure angular and full of jutting corners, and her high, shrieking voice makes one shrink and creep away, the same as from the cold night wind that whines and whistles, and sighs about the lonesome eaves of a desolated home.

My neighbor Lua has a nice way of cooking fish that I never saw put in practice in country homes. She says she dislikes to handle fish, to clean them, prepare the pieces for frying,



and to have her dish-pan and dish-cloth smell fishy. I don't blame Lua, if anything will make the wrinkles come in my nose, it's handling fish; I think of water snakes, and eels, and frogs. After she scales, and washes, and scrapes, and wipes them well, she wraps the whole fish up in a white cloth, to fit the size, ties it up snugly with a string, and boils it, setting a plate in the bottom of the kettle. She is careful not to have it overdone, very careful to unroll it so as not to break it up at all, as she lays it on a large plate, warmed and buttered, then puts butter and a sprinkle of pepper over it.

It looks very appetizing and is nicer than to be fried brown. Leave on the pretty fins and tail.

In boiling meat, say a shapely piece of ham, she always wraps it in a cloth, and when cooked it comes out looking so much cleaner and fresher, with no grease adhering to it.

Ha, ha! I was telling my near neighbor, Julie Ann, the other day how much I did admire large women who were graceful, and had low, sweet voices, and whose drapery was ample, and hung in many folds.

She flew at me and shook me, and laughed until she couldn't speak distinctly. "Oh, no, no!" she said; "you only imagine all this. Why large women, with musical voices, and skirts that flow abundantly, and hang in heavy folds are my horror!"

"Oh, dear! I wish you'd had my experience. The last summer that Miss Keats taught in the Union school she boarded with us. The first evening I did nothing but drink in the melody of her voice. I thought it was sweeter than any robin's song, but after a few days it began to seem monotonous—it was never full or ringing, or noisy—just soft, and hissing, and sweet, and all the way of one size. I had the headache a great deal that term, and sometimes I would have hailed deafness, to shut out the unctuous sweetness of that voice which had grown nauseous.

"I had always admired a large woman who gracefully sat down with her abundant dress falling in billowy folds about her. But I had to feel my way cautiously if I went near Miss Keats, for her dress lay so prettily, and so gracefully arranged, that it seemed a pity to interfere with her statuesque position.

"One time at the table when I was passing the dessert, and had occasion to rise and move Minnie's chair a little nearer, I caught my feet in the voluminous folds of her well-arranged

skirts, and became so tangled in them that I fell in spite of my efforts to save myself. She was annoyed yet she laughed heartily.

The very next morning before daylight had wholly dawned, I was crossing the floor with a crock of newly made yeast, and in passing within a few feet of the table where she sat, the wide-spreading folds of her ample skirts waylaid me, and I fell sprawling, spilling the yeast all over the floor, and sending the crock cantering across the room.

My last atom of admiration was expressed in the words, I said, as I looked up and saw her biting her lips to repress a smile. 'I think it would be advisable for you to exchange your voluminous skirts for a pair of pantaloons.' "

One day last summer about a dozen women and girls of us were sitting just inside of the door of the old academy, peeling peaches for a festival.

We had not vessels enough to put them all into, and Sister Bodkin told Eva Allen to run home and get her mother's new wash-boiler.

In a few minutes Eva came back bringing two or three large wooden bowls, and she laughingly said: "Don't you think mother won't allow her new boiler used for such thing—she says it will stain it up, and if we begin to use it for other purposes than that for which it was intended, it will soon go to destruction."

Not a woman said a word for a little while, then Sister Bodkin laughed and said: "Give me the Allen's yet, or any woman who knows how to care for her new wash-boiler, and will stand up for it right in the face of the sisterhood. Where one woman will do that, ten will allow soap suds to stand in theirs for days at a time, or buttermilk, or rinsewater, or fruit, or anything that they would use a tub for instead.

"The last time I was out with the doctor to see a patient, I saw a cow lazily eating her slop out of a bran new wash-boiler, and then after she had licked it out she began tossing it on her horns and tumbling it around in the stony street.

"I called the doctor's attention to it and told him that was a specimen of a household leak, and it was just such things that kept families poor, and the husband in debt with his 'nose on the grindstone' all his life. And don't you think the very next home we came to, the old widow Shirk's, there, out in the

yard with the merest suggestion of a board laid over it, was her wash-boiler full of ashes. I was vexed, and told the doctor whenever he saw such things among any of his patients, to act the part of the good missionary and tell them of it. Why, with good care, a wash-boiler will last ten years anyhow. Don't use them for anything else than heating water and boiling clothes in. As soon as it is empty wash it out clean, wipe it, dry it under the stove, and hang it up. Don't lay it down flat with the bottom up; in damp weather it will generate moisture inside, and rust. A hired-girl spoiled one for me that way.

"Let them be hung up in a dry place, so that air is not wholly excluded from the inside, and let them be washed in clear water, not soap-suds, before you wipe and dry them.

"There is a tiny spot of rust coming in the side seam of mine, and to keep that from getting any worse, I always rub a little warm beeswax over the place before I hang it up.

"It is such a satisfaction to have good kitchen utensils, and ought to be a woman's pleasure to take good care of them. I take as much care of my tinware as I would of a motherless brood of chickens. I don't scour or polish very much, but I frequently wash them in hot soap suds, rinse them, and wipe and dry and rub them into a finer polish than can be honestly given any other way."

When Eva Allen went home in the afternoon, we selected a dozen of the nicest peaches and sent her mother, thanking her for the womanly courage that made her say "no," and for the good lesson she had taught us all.

One day last winter Deacon Potts, that's father, I say that so as to give him his just dues, he was going over to Bloom to see about getting some brick to fix the cistern in the spring, and he said he would drive Humbug over in the pung, if I would go with him for company.

I hadn't been any place since I'd gone with father and Deacon Skiles that memorable day down at the Willows. I wasn't very well, my catarrh made my head buzz all the time, but the day was mild, and he said the ride would be nice, and that we could hunt up some of the brethren along the road, and get Humbug fed, and get our dinners for nothing.

He said there was an old dilapidated brother living in sight of Bloom, and we could shake hands right heartily and make a fuss over him and his family, and sponge a meal off them

just as well as to go to a hotel and pay a dollar for it.

We thought that was a very economical arrangement, for we had given away many and many a good warm Baptist meal and horse feed—did it for the cause.

I tell you I bundled up well. I wore my Bay State shawl folded the latest style, and I humped my clothes out behind in the fashion, till they stuck away over the edge of the seat of the pung. Because of my catarrh I wore a square of flannel pinned over my head, then a comfort, and my silk calash, and a red bandanna silk handkerchief drawn down in front so the wind couldn't touch one hair of my top-knot.

After I was in the pung I had the girls put the deacon's camel cloak round me and tuck it in nicely, and I was as snug and warm as a cat in a wool-basket. Father wore a knit yarn cap, made large and roomy, and funnel-shaped, so as to come down well over his tender ears; then his stout old leghorn hat bent down all round to keep off the cold air. To keep his pulses warm grandma drew a pair of her blue yarn stocking legs on outside of his wamus sleeves. I wouldn't have worn his cloak and deprived him of it only he said he'd just as lief have a good warm bed comfort laid all around him and fastened with a leather belt. Grandma gave him the big red one with little yellow bobs stitched all over it.

We were not long in going over to Bloom. When we reached Brother Miller's, they were butchering, and I told father I was afraid we'd be a good deal of trouble if we stopped there, but he said that was not our look out.

They had never heard of us—didn't know there was a family of Pottes in the State. Father introduced himself, and then turned and introduced me to Brother Miller. He was standing beside a sled in the door-yard, near the gate, pulling the hair off from a smoking hog that had just been scalded and was steaming like all possessed.

Brother Miller had his nose turned up, and his eyes were watery and weak, and he was chilly, and not at all inclined to be companionable and talkative.

He forgot to ask us to go into the house. I drew the cloak closer about me and my two teeth chattered like the bones that jolly little darkies play on.

Father tried to stuff his bundled hands into his pockets in a chilly, embarrassed way, and shuffling up a little nearer he pitched his voice with, "Well, Brother Miller, what's the state of religion up in these parts now?"

The wind took a turn just then from the boiling kettles, and brought ashes and cinders and strong smoke, right into the poor fellow's face, and he strangled, and made mouths, and shook his head and blurted out, "Yes, sree."

There we stood waiting for an invitation to partake of the brother's hospitality, but he must have forgotten.

I looked across the street at old Humbug, and she turned her old bald face round in a way that seemed to say: "Ha, Pipsey, not a very warm reception for man or beast either."

"Are times ruther peart-like up in your church, Brother Miller? any special out-pourin' lately?" said poor, hungry father, drawing up a little nearer, and leaning forward, so as to be distinctly understood, and making another bold dive in search of a key to unlock the brother's hospitality.

"Y-a-a-s," said Brother Miller, peering through the smoke, "that fur one yander is a good deal the heaviest. I 'lôt on her weighin' nigh on to three hundred."

"Yes—yes," said father, tipping up the kind brim of his delectable old leghorn, that had got tucked down close to his neck in a heavy fold of the bed comfort.

Oh, dear! there we stood, both of us all bundled up, plucky old Baptist folks, bound to be entertained anyhow, whether Brother Miller's heart warmed toward us or not.

I began to get tired watching him take the hair off the smoking hog, and I grew spunky when I thought of the hundreds of meals I'd cooked for the brethern and sistern, strangers whose faces I had never seen before or after, so I said: "Father, let's go in and warm a spell by the stove."

"Yes, go in and warm," said Brother Miller.

We went. The women treated us coolly but civilly. I took off my wrappings and said we'd like, if they were willing, to get our dinners with them, and get a hatful of nubbins for our creature, Humbug.

Sister Miller said we happened along at a very unseasonable time, but if we'd put up with what they had we'd be welcome to it.

I pared potatoes, and cleaned the onions, and tended the baby, and made myself useful and just as agreeable as I knew how. Father looked after the beast himself, and helped the men carry in the pork, and after dinner they all thawed out, and became very kind, and coaxed us to stay all night.

I told father going home that I didn't want

to make, or buy, my welcome that way under another Baptist roof very soon.

We had a long quiet ride, neither of us felt like talking.

In the gray of the evening just as we went up a high hill, we came suddenly upon a little nest of a brown house. The cow stood out in front, in the street, in a fence corner, and just as we came up the hill a man who was milking her, happened to hear the creaking of the pung as it went over a knobby place in the road. He jumped up as quickly as one could wink, and stood close up to the fence and commenced picking at the splinters in the top rails. He held the little pail down in front of him so as to hide it. I said, "Why, my good man, I thought you were milking that cow when we first saw you—was I mistaken?"

The coward! he sneaked a look round at us and said: "Wy—wy, my woman she's got the headache, an' I thought it would save her a little pain maybe if"—"don't you, for pity's sake," said I, "act the sneak then, and rob your manhood of one of its most precious jewels. When you are done milking, and have strained and put away the milk, do something else for your dear little sick wife, that's a man! bless you! and tell her that a woman told you out in the street that your wife ought to be proud of you, and thankful for such a kind good husband. Now don't ever be ashamed of milking, or doing any chore to help your poor wife, and may the Lord bless you both; and you little man—long may you wave!"

Father chuckled, and I laughed out loud, and the boy-husband smiled from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, as he down on his knees and fell to work with renewed vigor.

As I looked over my shoulder I saw two copious white streams flowing into the little tin pail, while the face bent above it was as bright and blooming as roses in June.

Don't make up your prettiest sunbonnets until you see my pattern in the next "Window."

A MAN is a bundle of relations, a knot of roots, whose flower and fruitage is the world.—*Emerson.*

A BRUISED heart is like a vessel of water swung round; hold it still and it runs over.—*Richter.*

## MY CHILD.

"THERE, darling, don't allow the still waters to be ruffled," said the gentleman, as he came up softly and laid his hand on my curls.

He was a fine-looking man, in the mid-day of his years, and he had been my father's guest but a few days, still my child-heart had gone out strangely toward him from the moment he took me on his knee in the great parlor, and stroked back my hair so gently, and looked on me so kindly with his large dark eyes.

But the currents of excited feelings which were setting so strongly in my heart, flowed backward at those kind words and that soft touch on my hair.

"I didn't mean to speak cross," I said, half-apologetically; "but baby has knocked down all my blocks, and it took me so long to build the house," and the tears gathered into my eyes as I glanced once more on the destruction of the building which I had been at such pains in constructing that morning.

"But speaking cross would not rebuild it, you know. Mary, would you like to hear what a kind word once did for me? Baby will be very quiet here with the blocks for company, and, if you like, we will go out in the garden, and I will tell you the story."

I assented joyfully. In a little while, seated under the great grape-vine, where the sunbeams braided their golden lengths with the June shadows, the gentleman commenced: "It is a long time ago, Mary, and I was a little boy, not twelve years of age, homeless and ragged, hungry and dirty, without a friend, or a hope, or a joy in the world."

"You, you, Mr. Rutledge!" I interrupted, in surprise, and involuntarily my eyes dropped from the noble countenance, and surveyed the elegant dress of the speaker.

There was the plain but massive chain, its golden links sparkling across the rich satin vest; the costly apparel, the slender cane. I could not reconcile all this with the speaker's words, and the eyes that returned to him must have testified to this, for he smiled as he answered: "Yes, Mary, I know it. I am rich and praised of men now, but there is not to-day a more wretched, destitute, despised child prowling the highways than I was then. It was June time, too, and the sky was just as blue, and the sunbeams on the green earth just as bright as they are now. I came at last to a

low wall, over which the half-ripened apples hung thick and tempting. With but little difficulty I had just obtained secure hold of a cluster of these, when a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder, and a harsh voice said to me: 'Here, you little thief, touch one of those again, and I'll wring the neck off from you, as the gallows rope will a little later. Do you hear, sir?' and the query was accompanied with a push which sent me some half dozen yards farther off, till I lodged in a gutter by the wayside.

"I rose up and went on my way, but the words and the cruel action had stirred up a great wave of evil in my heart. I remember what a wild, bitter hatred there was in my bosom toward every human being, as I walked on in my impotent rage, kicking up the sand with my feet. My heart was ripe for any evil just then. Thank God, the good angel passed that way!

"Very soon I came to a small, pleasant-looking cottage with a white fence set all around the garden at its side. Close to the house there was a large rose-bush, and the June blossoms were peeping through the fence and loading the air with the fragrance. In very malice I commenced tearing these from the branches and strewing the leaves at my feet, taking a wanton delight in the destruction I was causing.

"There, my child, don't pick off the roses."

"I started and looked up suddenly, and my hand paused in its evil task. A pair of soft blue eyes looked down with gentle reproof upon me, and the lips were parted as though about to address me farther, when a voice from the interior of the cottage called the lady, and she turned hastily away. But her work was done. Those low, gently-spoken words had gone down, very far down in my heart, and opened a fountain there. 'My child!' Had she not called me this? Oh, it had bound me with a new tie to my race—it had linked me suddenly, indissolubly, with humanity. I had been an outcast. I had viewed myself as isolated, irrecoverably cast out from all human love, and sympathy, and tenderness. But she did not think so. No, no; she knew, she recognized me as belonging to the great human brotherhood. 'My child! my child!' As I kept on my way, my heart seemed to grow



larger with great veins, and new resolves and hopes that it had never known before.

"At last I reached a retired place in the suburbs of the city, and sitting down under a great elm-tree, whose green arms dropped lovingly almost to my forehead, I cried a long time. What precious tears those were! And all the time, up and down my heart, soft as the whisper of a seraph, sweet as the outstraying psalm of an angel, went to and fro those blessed words, 'My child! my child!'

"From that hour, Mary, I was another being. One purpose, strong as my own life, had taken possession of me. It was to be a beggar no longer. There is a long story of struggling, of disappointment and perseverance, and you would hardly understand it, my little girl; but the end was at last achieved. Years after, when a rich and an honored man, I went back to the old town and sought for the little white cottage; it had disappeared. An elegant mansion rose in its stead, and they told me that the widow lady who had formerly occupied the little dwelling was lying under the daisies of the churchyard.

"Ah me! she laid down there without knowing the work she had done. But she will know it—aye, Mary, she will know it one day, when the angels roll over the great shining leaves of God's life-book. She will find the words written there in characters whose blazing light eternity shall not darken, 'My child! my child!' and He who remembereth the cup of cold water given to His little ones will not be unmindful of her reward."

Of all the love affairs in the world, none can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is a love pure and noble, honorable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of her husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of the son to her. And I never yet knew a boy to "turn out" bad who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant to the girl may cruelly neglect the worn and weary wife. But the boy who is a lover to his mother in her middle age is a true knight who will love his wife as much in the sere-leaved autumn as he did in the daisied spring time.—*"An Old Boy" in Hearth and Home.*

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SUAVITY OF MANNER.

BY J. E. M'C.

THE highest popularity which men have attained in the various walks of life has not arisen from their great talents, or wealth, or position, or even their great goodness, half as much as from their infinite tact in address and suavity in manners. Where this is possessed, the power of the person over his fellows becomes almost unlimited. It is this that has caused many of our political men to distance far abler competitors. Every man with whom they spoke, whose hand they took but an instant, acknowledged their magic power, and became, from that moment, a friend and ally.

It was this which gave Aaron Burr his great success as a politician, and his wonderful power for evil in society. Tallyrand owed to it the power which made him a leader in the days of the first Napoleon; and so did Marlborough in the days of Queen Anne.

There are persons who affect to despise this quality in others; who point you to worthless men who possess it as a proof that it is beneath the attention of the wise and good. As well might one despise a graft of the choicest fruit because it grew on a worthless tree. This suavity of manner is a Christian grace which every one is in duty bound to cultivate. With some it is a great deal harder than others; but there is no one who, with the grace of Christ, cannot so master himself as to be civil and courteous toward others. No one has a right to conduct himself with a bear's gruffness, whatever his natural talents in that direction may be.

If you wish to succeed in life, this suavity of manner must become habitual to you. Not even the lowliest must be treated with coldness or rudeness. A man's fortune has often depended on the casting vote of the lowest men in his circle of acquaintances. We can never foresee when the good will of the humblest may serve us.

But there is something higher to live for than self-interest. If we would do good to men, we must be courteous toward them. The heart is the mainspring. If its sympathies are quick and warm, this suavity of manner will be no affectation.

Let us cultivate this talent to its highest extent, whatever age we may be, and however firmly fixed may be our old habits. But let us especially influence the young to begin right, and from the very cradle cultivate their sweet graces, which will render them lovely and beloved through life.



SIX IN ALL.  
A SEQUEL TO "A DOLLAR A DAY."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER VII.

DARLEY HANES, going to his work next morning, was so absorbed in the talk of the evening before, that he never once lifted his eyes to the great house whose silent stone face had daily confronted him for years.

If he had once looked up, the gardener's boy would have been startled at the change, which had come over the gray, dumb look of things.

Blinds were open, doors ajar, curtains waving with all those nameless, blessed hints and signs of human life and habitation, which turn a house from a mere structure of wood and stone into a home.

And here, only the night before, the owners had come, bag and baggage, fairly taking everybody's breath away with surprise at their advent.

A telegram had preceded the Forsyths by only a couple of hours, creating an immense flurry in the small corps of servants who had been improvised to get the house in order, and who from last advices were not expecting the family arrival for some days.

But the owner was apt to do things on the spur of the moment, his children always had to take account of "papa's summersaults," as they called his sudden movements, and were never quite secure that they might not at a few hours notice, pack up and be off from any place, where they were comfortably domiciled.

This fact, however, did not seriously incommode young souls eager for change and adventure of all sorts.

They were not surprised, therefore, when their father suddenly took it into his head, that he was thoroughly disgusted with the continent, that its hotels, servants, railways, were all "one monstrous fraud and humbug," and that they were to sail for home with the smallest possible notice.

Despite all the advantages they had reaped from it, the son and daughter were a little tired of the restless, nomadic life they had been leading so long, and decided between themselves, that "dear, dull old America was, after all, the only place to settle down in."

The Forsyths had managed to sail a steamer

in advance of the one they had first settled on, and this explained their taking everybody by surprise, on their arrival.

But here they were back at Thornley, in the loveliest of spring mornings, and they had just had their breakfast, and were beginning to get the motion of the sea out of their brains, and to wake up to the consciousness that they were at home, and that this meant something pleasanter than anything they had found in all the splendor and luxury of their foreign travel.

They are in the dining room now, that very room, where, so long ago, they took their supper with the boy who is, at this moment, digging at the roots of the larches outside, as totally unconscious of their vicinity as they of his.

There are only three of them—this Forsyth family, ah, there is the sting of it! with the memory of a fourth, starting out, ghostlike, from every corner. They almost expect to see him burst in at door or window, with his old jaunty air and ringing step, yet nobody speaks of him.

Forsyth stands in his old place, in his after-breakfast attitude, his hands behind him; you would know him at the first glance, though he has grown older and more portly, and the silver has broadened in beard and hair since he last stood there on his hearthstone.

Proctor is going about from one window to another, looking curiously at the landscape, he sees something in gray, burrowing down there among the roots; but he hardly knows whether it is biped or quadruped.

"These grounds are in capital order. Somebody deserves credit," he says.

Proctor is a young man now, slender, well-formed, and of middling height. If he is not handsome, he has an agreeable face, his eyelids have lost their old weakness, and look at you with a pleasant openness.

He has a heavy fringe of beard, he has lost his old sallowness, and is a little brown with travel; so far as manners go, you would know him, for a gentleman, for all these years he has had the best advantage of school and of society.

Perhaps Proctor only dimly discerns it now,

but that dead failure of his brother's was his own salvation. It awakened him out of his surly, selfish boyhood with an awful shock; and he never got back into the broken walls of that shell again.

It "set him to thinking," which means a great deal at that age; above all, showed him that he had somebody to live for beside himself.

On the whole, Proctor Forsyth had kept the promise which he made to Cressy in the hour of their mutual grief; he has been "a good son and brother."

It is true he had some helps which poor Ramsey had missed; his father, made wiser by so terrible a lesson, had carried himself far more indulgently toward the younger than toward the elder son.

Proctor, too, had taken to study more easily than his brother, and after that loss the loose likings had knit themselves into fixed purposes which held him away from the slums into which Ramsey had plunged so deeply.

The second son was not a genius, his cast of mind, his tastes were all of the practical kind, he had a fondness for mathematics and natural sciences and had enjoyed the best of masters in foreign universities.

He has some prickly burs of superciliousness and self-conceit clinging to him, but these will drop off more or less, as his ideal, and young Forsyth has one, a good deal vague and confused, but which still grows clearer to him.

His father is immensely proud of the son who has done him so much credit at the universities; so also is his sister.

We come to her at last, our little Cressy, with her swift tongue, and her hot tempers, and the warm, honest heart that was the best thing in all her father's handsome home.

It is that still. Under all the growth, the spoiling, the flattery of these years it has saved the pretty head from turning silly or going wrong, and the young woman has brought the child-heart back with her to the home-roof.

As for the prettiness, she knows all about that a good deal better than anybody else; such bright wits as Cressy Forsyth's could never be left long in the dark there.

She is vain over it all, too, and has airs and affectations at command, but they never last long; the dear, native simplicity of the girl always breaking through any disguises.

"What a lovely face!"

She overhears people saying that wherever she goes, and the young woman who can hear that said of her often and not be seriously

harmd in head or heart, must have something sound in both.

That is it, just "a lovely face," with its brown lustres of hair and eyes to match, over whose precise shade moonstruck youth have tortured their muse; the clear skin just escaping a blonde, and that "dewy flush" of opening womanhood over all.

But this, and more, might be said of thousands of young faces, whose only charm is, after all, what comes of youth; when that is gone, the whole goes, which is so very sad, to one who has eyes to discern, the ghost of the hard, wrinkled, unhappy old face peering dimly out of the glow and roundness of the young one.

Cressy Forsyth's face would never look like that; you would know it, if you had once seen her smile.

She has put those bright wits of hers to some better purpose than making one long gala-day of her youth. She has studied, partly, at first, to please her father, and later because she loved to, and books, travel, and society have made her the accomplished and elegant girl-woman who has come back to take her rightful place as mistress of her father's handsome house in Thornley.

"As soon as I can get this roll of the sea out of my brain I shall make a foray into the grounds," says Cressy, with the slight, restless movement of the head, which she got before she can remember. "Proct, you must hold yourself in readiness to go with me."

"I suppose my role is already set down to me, and that is to step into the shoes of Miss Forsyth's inconsolable admirers across the Atlantic. Ah, Cress, we masculine bipeds are entirely different characters when it comes to the part of brother or beau!"

"Beaux!" exclaims Cressy, with a toss of her head and an indescribable emphasis on that monosyllable. "I never want to hear that name again. I have left all those youthful vanities and absurdities across the sea, and I have returned home with an honest purpose of doing some credit to my sex and my country."

Neither father or brother could help laughing; the manner being, perhaps, more than the words.

"What line of action will your new resolves probably take, Miss Forsyth? Your last remark strongly suggests a native faculty for stump-speaking."

"Stump-speaking! Papa, will you stand quietly looking on, while Proctor whets his

satire on my sensitive skin. My present resolves are all of a practical and domestic kind."

"I am glad to hear that, my dear," said her father, with a smile. "I was getting a little alarmed at that last burst of yours." Forsyth thought Cressy's wit something quite wonderful, and that she inherited it from her mother.

She came now and stood before him in her bloom and grace, a daughter that he might well be proud of.

"Papa," the suspicious gravity, set off with a touch of archness, "do you know who I am?"

"I certainly have no doubts in my own mind on that matter."

"Well, then, you know me for something you never saw before. This morning the first thing I said to myself after I had opened my eyes and discovered I had not tumbled out of my berth with a lurch of the steamer, was just this: 'Now, Cressy Forsyth, you are at home, and do you know what that means, miss? It means putting aside all youthful follies and flirtations! It means settling down into a quiet, sensible, useful woman for the rest of your life. It means taking the duties of mistress and housekeeper on your shoulders, doing the honors and wearing the dignities which that position involves; it means seeing to papa's ease and comfort, and that unconscionable Proctor's, and bearing his vexations like a saint, in short, it means turning over an entirely new leaf in your life.'"

"All very nice and sensible thoughts, my dear. But you haven't asked my consent to this new programme."

"I was sure of it, beforehand, papa. You know you will like to see me going about with a bundle of keys at my girdle, and have me sit at the head of your table, and find that, notwithstanding her youthful tangents, you have a daughter who can keep in a tolerably sensible orbit, after all."

"I don't think it is necessary to take all that trouble to convince me of the sense," said her father, stroking his beard and smiling on his girl.

"Cress," said Proctor, coming round where she stood, and speaking now half in earnest and half in fun, "I'm repentant and remorseful, and never will, if I can help it, strike another feeble spark or launch another small arrow of satire at your honest little soul. I was a wretch to torment you as I did, all the way over, with sighing, sneers, and breadbare jokes of that sort."

"You really don't suppose I was seriously irritated; I saw through it all the time; you wanted to help me over the sea sickness."

"And myself through some qualms—yes!" "But isn't it good to be at home again?" burst out Cressy. "It is such a comfortable feeling to wake up under one's own roof and know we are all here together in old America, papa and Proctor and I. It is better than Rome or Paris or the Rhine, or the dear picture galleries of old Dresden. What happy times we are going to have all by ourselves, and I mistress and housekeeper!"

The clear voice lingered on the words, as though they had a pleasant sound to her.

The elderly man and the young one smiled at the glowing young creature. They, too, in their different ways, enjoyed being at home again; though a sharp pain dashed all the pleasure, to one at least.

The old home could not fail to be full of hints and reminders of one, seldom mentioned now, but whose young life, going down in that tragedy of crime and shame, had wrought a wonderful revolution in the lives and characters of his family.

The old times started out now and the old wounds that years and change had partially healed, ached afresh; yet nobody spoke of this, only Cressy kept a kind of hovering watch and buzzing talk about her father.

She had a dozen different plans that morning of unpacking some of her trunks, of trying her old piano, of going here and there, instead of which she wandered in an aimless way from room to room, with the sound of the sea still in her ears; and, at last, she came out on one of the side porticoes and stood there, in the sunshine, with her little sun-hat on her head, looking over the grounds with their gravel walks and low selvages of hedges and thickets of shrubberies, and broad, grassy sweeps of shaven lawn like green lakes full of sunlight.

What a beautiful home it was! She was half a mind to plunge at once into that great billow of greenery, only she had promised herself to make the first rounds with her father and Proctor.

A little noise on her right startled her. She looked down and saw what Proctor had an hour ago; something in gray loosening the earth around the shrubberies, and using his hoe or his hands, as the case might require. Suddenly the figure rose and stood up, proving itself taller and older than the boy's it seemed burrowing down there in the soil.

Perhaps the girl made some slight movement; perhaps some subtle magnetism drew the workman's gaze, at any rate he stopped short, glanced around, and then suddenly caught sight of what seemed to him a vision of unearthly loveliness standing in the portico, in a pretty embroidered scarlet jacket, and a hat with a long white plume, tipped with brown, fluttering in the wind.

"Darley Hanes is not very observant about woman's dress, but he could tell you to-day better than I can, what Cressy Forsyth had on that morning when she stood in the portico.

A look of blank amazement came into the young workman's eyes, then a sudden rush of blood all over his face, and a glance of swift intelligence, and to the immense astonishment of the lady he lifted his hat, and, digger as he was, with his soiled hands and his old patched clothes, he did it with the air of a gentleman, and the girl up there knew what that was.

She bent her head a little in turn, staring, meanwhile, curiously at the man, he was so altered from the newsboy that she did not at all recognize him, her gaze went all over the figure, which had no air of a prince in disguise, and then settled again upon the face.

Then there was a doubt, a flash of recollection in hers. Was it possible that this could be the old newsboy-friend of Ramsey's, of whom, in her bright, various life she had hardly thought for years?

She recalled now some project at the last moment of setting him to work on the grounds.

Curiosity and perhaps some unusual softness at her heart, for old scenes, with Ramsey in the foreground, were starting on every side of her, may have influenced the girl's next movement.

At all events she plunged down the steps and advanced toward the workman. It was a trying moment for Darley Hanes, when this blooming, gracious creature approached him. For an instant, I think he would have hailed with pleasure, the ground opening under his very feet.

I am afraid that he will drop at once from his pedestal of poet and hero, when stern history records the humiliating fact that he was well nigh overwhelmed at the thought of his work-clothes. Looked at from one standpoint they were a master-piece of art, but that was the art of—patching.

Prudy's fingers and Cherry's had both a chance at jacket and trousers; but the "rag-bag" resources did not admit of a large variety of shades.

They did their best those small, deft young fingers, and the result had, at least, afforded the girls plenty of merriment.

Prudy had assured her brother that he only needed to mount a cap and bells, and he was fully attired for a king's jester; and Cherry, her words caught all through with half-suppressed snickers, told her brother they had no intention of dressing him up for a harlequin.

Darley treated all this with sublime contempt, and rather enjoyed making a display of his lofty indifference to old clothes; towering down on his sisters with fine quotations, and assuring them that far better souls than he had worn worse coats, of which Prudy, with another little snicker, affirmed she had reasonable doubts, and having vindicated his moral courage, Darley came down from his heights and joined in the fun against himself, telling his sisters he would be "Apollo among the herdsmen," and things of that sort.

But Darley had not counted on such a test as this. For a moment he fairly swayed under it, and then that sturdy, robust something which had carried Darley Hanes over so many a heavy sea of his boyhood, woke up and said: "Die for it, Darley, now, but don't you be a snob. Show there's a soul inside your patches."

She came toward him, the graceful, elegant girl-woman, the nearer view bringing into fuller distinctness the patches and all the sharp contrasts of color. She had the keen eye of her sex for these things. She hesitated and almost stood still, her gaze going up doubtfully to the face, which, unlike the dress, improved on investigation.

Then she came closer, and half held out her hand. "Am I mistaken," asked the clear young voice, "or is this—Ramsey's friend?"

She had forgotten the newsboy's name, but she had unconsciously chosen one sure to place them on common ground.

"Yes, I think he would have called me that," and Darley shook off a little soil which clung to his fingers, and gave his hand to Miss Forsyth.

A bright, cordial look shone at once in her face. "I am very glad to see you," she said, just as though he were her friend also. "I suppose I need not tell you I am his sister."

"I should have known that, I think, even had I not met you here. I hope you are all returned quite well, Miss Forsyth."

Darley said this leaning on his hoe, in his



parti-colored clothes, his manner quiet and wholly unembarrassed.

He was shy and rather reticent with women, although the society of his sisters had saved him from actual awkwardness; but he had a feeling that this was a kind of test-moment of his life, that if, brought face to face with wealth, beauty, elegance, he, Darley Hanes, with his hoe and his patched coat, did not maintain a sturdy independence as far removed from embarrassment on one side, as from vulgar self-assertion on the other, his own respect must go down forever, he could thereafter claim no affinity with true and noble souls, he must count himself for a snob and poltroon for the rest of his life.

And there the lady stood in her bloom and grace; but Darley was less afraid of her at that moment, than of himself—lest he should fail himself, and that grand old Joe at the antipodes who had such unbounding faith in him.

That thought steadied him, held him calm even at his white heat of embarrassment.

Cressy looked at him more and more surprised, and perplexed—this young workman, with his speech and manner so singularly at variance with those ridiculous old clothes. There had been a patronizing shade in her manner, it grew less and less obvious.

"Thank you, we are all quite well, only a little tired and generally shaken up with our voyage."

"I hope, after seeing all the rest of the world, you do not find it unpleasant to be back here in old Thornley."

"Oh, no; quite the contrary. Thornley is home, you know, which all the rest of the world was not, and indeed everything looks so natural, that I am almost persuaded I am just the little girl who went away so long ago."

Darley smiled at that. She had, quite unconsciously, given him an opportunity to pay her a compliment, something, which none of Miss Forsyth's admirers would have missed; but Darley had never paid a young lady a compliment in his life, unless it might be, some rather ambiguous ones to his sisters; but Cressy understood perfectly well what the young workman thought with regard to the change in herself.

"We have tried to keep the grounds much as you left them," said Darley, ungallantly changing the subject.

"I see you have. But have you really been at work here all this time?"

"All this time. I have never had a chance to thank any of you, Miss Forsyth, for the

great surprise you left that day you went away."

"Surprise?" repeated Cressy, quite begged.

"Yes; I mean the letter you left with my sisters."

In a moment it flashed back on her. "How things did come up!" She remembered that last ride and the pretty bareheaded girls in the doorway. It had all slipped behind the years where all our old memories lie.

Her next question was about his sisters. "They were well," Darley said, "and living in the old home, and would be quite electrified when he carried back the news of Miss Forsyth's return."

There was some more talk between the two—the quiet, intelligent replies, the cultivated tones surprising Cressy more and more.

This digger in her father's grounds, this parti-clothed youth—what was he? Ramsey's friend at all events. Her heart warmed toward him with that thought, though she could not even now bring herself to speak of that dead brother, whose name seldom passed the family lips, and around whose memory gathered so heavy a cloud of mystery, grief, and shame.

"Tell your sisters, please, I intend we shall all drop down on them suddenly in some of our drives," said Cressy.

The young workman assured Miss Forsyth they would be delighted to see her; and then, for Ramsey's sake, she gave him her hand again, and fluttered away in her youth and fairness; and Darley Hanes had stood the test, and had no need to be ashamed of his manhood that morning.

And going up to the house Cressy Forsyth suddenly remembered the story her father had told of the boy who sat footsore and friendless in old Squire Butterfield's kitchen, and of the little girl, with her sweet, pitying face who came so promptly to his need.

She had forgotten all about it in the hurry and crowd of later things, she thought to herself, half-reproachfully.

"And that girl was this young man's mother! And all these years he had been digging in her father's grounds for the dollar a day, which was to be the pay for his services!" Cherry thought she had discovered now the secret of the well-bred manner, shining through the parti-colored clothes. She must tell her father and brother all about it, but not now: she knew too well what sudden silences and glooms in her father's eyes meant.



She would not tear open that wound any further by speaking even of Ramsey's friend to-day.

Darley's news that day did make a commotion in the "lean-to." As soon as the first amazement was over, Prudy burst out: "Didn't I tell you something was going to happen?"

Then Darley had to go over, word for word, with his interview with Cressy Forsyth that morning, making fun of himself and his old clothes, and fancying he had thoroughly deceived the girls as to his feelings on that occasion.

But their feminine instincts divined all that at once, although they wisely refrained, in Darley's presence, from any remarks on the matter.

And now the old question came up again, as perplexing, after all these years, as ever.

Had they any right to keep Ramsey's secret longer from his family?

For two days that followed this was the one topic under consideration at the "lean-to." There was much to be said on both sides. It seemed that the family ought by this time to be informed of the facts so that they could take measures to search out the wanderer if he were still in the world.

Yet in that case he must have laid his own plans for revealing himself to his relatives, and what mischief might be the result of anticipating Ramsey they could only conjecture.

On the whole, however, the family counsels rather inclined to the duty of disclosing what they knew of young Forsyth's fate. Indeed, their relations with his father seemed to make it a paramount obligation on their part at this time.

How and when the disclosure would be made could not be at once decided on; must, perhaps, be left to time and circumstances.

It was late one evening when they reached this conclusion. During the two days while this matter was pending, Darley, at work in a remote part of the grounds, had seen no member of the Forsyth family, which, all things considered, was rather a relief.

He started out now for a short walk, it was a habit of his before he retired, to "keep dreams and nightmares off," he told the girls.

There was a young moon just going down over the distant hills as Darley opened the front door, and by the faint light saw two strangers standing there, young men, apparently about his own height, but with heavier build. The two had linen dusters, like tra-

vellers, and one, accosting him, inquired if Darley Hanes lived there.

Such visitors were not common at the "lean-to," but amazed as he was, Darley answered promptly, "I am he. Will you walk in, sir?"

The stranger entered, followed by his companion, as far as the threshold.

Prudy, in some alarm, turned up the blaze of the big kerosene lamp; she and Cherry were just going up stairs for the night.

"Will you take a seat, sir?" said Darley.

But to everybody's amazement the stranger stood still a moment, staring at the tall young man who was acting the part of host; his gaze seemed to search every line of the face before him, and then he suddenly burst out in a kind of spasmodic cry: "Darley, Darley, look and see who it is, my boy!"

Darley started back, his face white and red by turns, as he stared at the stranger, and then the light broke in a flash: "It's Joe Dayton; oh, thank God, it's Joe himself!" and they were in each other's arms.

After the long, hard battle which they two had fought so bravely, in such different ways, they met again. There was a little sob or two, sternly repressed, yet those who witnessed the meeting, said afterward, it was something never to be forgotten; they gained a new sense of the might of that love which had taken its roots in the bitter struggle and penury of boyhood; and grown fair and strong through all these years of absence, until it was now a part of the lives of the young men. Of them, too, it might be said, "a love passing the love of woman."

Joe lifted his hand, and passed it all over the young man's face, over the eyes that answered him still with the boy's bright, clear honesty, over the tan and freckles and the sprouting beard. The gesture was very touching. A mother could not have done it with more tender fondness to her child. "Ah, Darley," he said in a broken voice, "I knew you would not disappoint me."

And all this time the stranger stood in the shadow on the threshold, and nobody noticed him.

At last it was Prudy's and Cherry's turn. When the two little girls he had left behind came forward in their blooming prettiness and welcomed "Darley's friend" back to their old home, Joe could hardly believe his senses; he had never counted on time working any change in them; and in the young man who stood before them now, no "modern Alcibiades" certainly, with his fine, homely face and his

sturdy, broad-chested figure there was nothing to remind them of the old "study for Hogarth," the "ancient Dominie Sampson," of the awkward shyness which was irresistibly associated in their minds with Darley's friend. It was the simplest, warmest possible greeting on both sides, but Joe was now as much at his ease as he would have been with Darley.

And there all this time stood the silent figure in the shadow on the threshold.

Nobody had thought of it, in the mighty emotion of that hour, but now Joe turned toward it, and laying his hand on the stranger's shoulder fairly forced him into the centre of the room.

"Come in here and show yourself," he said. "You have a common right in our joy to-night. He is the friend, Darley, who saved my life. If his heart or his courage had failed him at one moment I should not be here to-night. You take me from his hands—look at him—find a name for him!"

He stood in the centre of the room, with the light full upon his face—the rather tall and shapely youth, with his linen travelling coat swung across his arm.

Darley did look and look at the dark hair, at the brown side-whiskers, at the face quivering all over with some deep emotion.

The stranger did not speak, but he held out his hands and smiled—then Darley staggered back and grew white, as though he gazed upon a ghost.

"My God—oh, my God," he cried, "it's Ramsey Forsyth!"

And the cry was a prayer.

(To be continued.)

**DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.**—The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendor cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate. Those soft intervals of unbended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments and disguises which he feels in privacy to be useless incumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home, is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the execution. It is, indeed, at home that every man must be known by those who would have a just estimate of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honor and fictitious benevolence.—*Johnson.*

#### "THINKING OF FATHER."

I HAVE a habit, began in early childhood, of sitting alone and musing, as twilight deepens into night. I always feel the bringing in of lights an intrusion, and keep them away as long as possible. Oh, the lives I have lived, and the dreams I have dreamt in those twilight reveries! Like the German sleeper, no matter what the cares or pains of the day, my dream-land life, make up, with its gorgeous beauty, exquisite harmonies, and noble sentiments, for all or any unpleasant reality.

What great, good, beautiful, and pure beings, what noble sentiments, what ecstatic harmonies, what grace, what light filled that glorious ideal land! How my heart has ached for words to describe, for power to portray some of its wavy, graceful floating pictures, to bring to the earsome of its exquisite harmonies, to write down palpably some of its noble sentiments. And when I have essayed, how bald and mean was the attempt—no more like my beautiful visions than the bone skeleton is to some tropic bird of gorgeous plumage.

As time wore on, and the real pressed more heavily on my heart, the glowing light of my dream-land faded from its full noon of gold to a rose hue, which gradually deepened through all the shades of purple, more beautiful, because more mellow; till death came, like winter's frost, stripping the autumnal forest of its glory. From that hour the light has been gray, growing colder as the picture contracted its dimensions, until now my twilight musings cover only the space of a cemetery lot filled with green graves, and my imagination goes back to the past, and rarely ever goes forward to the future; that is, of this life; and my communings are only with the spirit of those I have loved and lost for a season. And the last, which is so new that the grass is not yet on it, encloses a form of truly noble proportions, and covers a heart that was warmed with the quickest pulse. And the air of my dream-land is filled with its graceful motions, and softly on my ear falls a familiar voice, that breathes gently the name of "Sister," and my own murmurs "Brother." The sound startles me from my spirit home, and I look down. On my bosom lies a little head, covered with golden curls; two large wistful eyes are gazing into mine, while tears are rolling down the dimpled cheeks; and a sob shakes the little form. "What is it, darling, that grieves you?" I ask, with a kiss. The little mouth whispers, "I am thinking of father."

Alas! must she begin where I have ended?

## OLD AND NEW STORIES ABOUT DOGS.

BY JOHN B. DUFFEY.

### SECOND PAPER.

**H**ISTORY abounds with facts testifying to the intelligence and devotion of dogs. Everybody at Milan, says Menault, knows the history, for it is not merely a story of the spaniel Moffino. This dog followed his master, who belonged to the corps of Prince Eugene Beauharnais, on the occasion of the disastrous expedition into Russia, in 1812. At the passage of the Beresina, these two faithful companions were separated by the masses of ice floating down the river, and the Milanese corporal returned to his native city full of sorrow and regret, not so much on account of his wounds, as for the loss of his poor dog. A year passed, and the soldier, in the midst of his family, had almost forgotten his old comrade. One day, however, the people of the house were surprised by the arrival of the spectre of an animal that might formerly have been a dog, but which now scarcely deserved the name. It was something truly hideous that they tried to drive away without pity, notwithstanding the plaintive moans of the poor creature. At this moment, the ex-corporal, returning from a walk, saw coming toward him this wretched object, which with low whines licked his feet. He repulsed it rudely, and would have deprived it of the little life it seemed to possess, when a sudden thought occurring to him, he examined certain marks on it, which caused him much joy. He uttered the name "Moffino," and the animal jumped up immediately, barking joyously, and then fell down exhausted with hunger, fatigue—perhaps, one might say, with emotion. His master, now fully recognizing his long lost dog, hastened to his assistance, nursed him tenderly and saved him from death.

This journey over more than half of Europe, accomplished by this poor faithful creature with nothing but his wonderful instinct, as we are pleased to call it, to guide him across mountains and rivers, and through so many perils and sufferings, is something one cannot think of without being moved.

A similar story is related of a dog belonging to Duke Charles Alexander of Wurtemberg, who died, or rather, if we are to believe tradition, was carried off by his satanic majesty in person, in 1737. This Charles

Alexander, before his accession to the ducal throne, served as first field marshal in the war against the Turks, being accompanied to the field by his favorite dog. In the turmoil and confusion incident to a lively campaign, dog and master became separated—the former falling a captive to the Turks, the latter finally returning to his beautiful Swabian land. Months had elapsed, and the dog had, perhaps, been wholly forgotten by the Duke, who was now reposing in his castle at Winnenthal, when, one night he heard a scratching at the door, on opening which his faithful dog rushed in. The intelligent creature had travelled the long journey from Constantinople to Winnenthal. Touched by this fidelity, this constancy, the Duke, at the dog's death, which soon afterward followed, had a stately monument erected to his memory at Winnenden.

The famous old field-marshal, Count Otto Christopher von Sparr, whose piety, honesty, and valor, are yet remembered in Prussia, went still further in his grateful recognition of the services of his faithful dog. It was on the second day of the sanguinary three days' struggle at Warsaw, on the 29th of July, 1656, that the general, whilst leading on his troops, his dog by his side, became surrounded by enemies. Already a deadly sabre stroke was sweeping down upon his unguarded head, when suddenly the arm that guided it fell powerless. The field-marshal's dog had sprung ferociously upon the horse of the hostile rider, and, seizing the uplifted arm, bitten it to the bone. The next instant, a second bound carried him to the throat of another antagonist. The suddenness and unexpectedness of the dog's attack confounded the assailants of his master, who, encouraged by the unlooked for assistance, with iron fist beat his way through his encompassing foes.

As long as he lived the old field-marshal never forgot his dog. They were inseparable. He had a family tomb built in the church of St. Mary at Berlin. Soon after its construction, his dog and a favorite child died both on the same day. Both were placed in one coffin and laid in the family vault. By their side, the old hero has long since been permitted to sleep. The name of his dog has not been brought down to us. But the beautiful marble

monument over the tomb of the master; still keeps alive the remembrance of the dog. The field-marshal kneels, the size of life, before a *prie-dieu*, with a crucifix, a death's head, and prayer-book; and, half concealed by the cover of the *prie-dieu*, we see the faithful dog looking up with deep affection into the face of his praying master.

Of dogs, who have watched, with singular fidelity and devotion, often for months, over the graves of their masters fallen in battle, a few more historic examples may here be set down.

For instance, there is the dog which the Marquis of Worcester, some weeks after the battle of Salamanca, found lying half starved on the grave of an officer who had perished in the fight.

During the entire winter of 1813-14, there was to be seen, on the battle-field of Liepsic, a large, shaggy, gray dog, who all day long laid on one particular spot, as motionless as if carved out of stone. If the snow fell, he would scrape it carefully away, all the while moaning piteously. Only during the night would he quit his post, slipping stealthily into the village to look for bones and kitchen-scrap. When spring came, and the ploughmen brought their teams to till the blood-manned field, an attempt was made to drive the dog from his bed. But, as if transformed, the poor creature, hitherto so gentle, so quietly sad, sprang like a mad wolf upon the workmen. Alas! for the loving, devoted brute. Struck by a ploughshare, he fell dead on the grave of his beloved and faithfully guarded master.

Wellington, on the battle-field of Waterloo, came across just such another faithful guardian of his forever silent master. When the dog, fearing that they intended to take from him the beloved corpse, sprang furiously at the Duke and his escort, and a soldier was about to shoot him, Wellington at once ordered him to desist; "for," said he, "this poor dog gives us a touching example of fidelity, well worthy of imitation."

Another faithful dog fought to the last drop of his blood in defence of the cross of the legion of honor on the breast of his fallen master, a French officer, whose body was being stripped by marauding soldiers.

Nor must we forget Palomo, that warrior among dogs, who after the victorious campaign of the Spaniards in Morocco, marched proudly at the head of his company into rejoicing Madrid, crowned with flowers and laurel-wreaths, and bearing on his breast the hero-

badge of a corporal. He had shared during the entire campaign all the hardships and perils of his company, and fought by the side of his comrades with the most resolute courage. Pierced by a bullet, he was cared for in the hospital, like any other soldier, and, after his recovery, he was publicly, and with all due military solemnity, unanimously elected by his company to an honorary corporalship. All Madrid contended during that triumphant entry to do honor to Corporal Palomo. He was pensioned, and his dues were regularly paid out for his support, till the late revolution broke out and turned things upside down. Yet, perhaps, the patriots who figured in that affair, did not forget the poor dog; for, we are told, that, when his laurels were still green, he was presented to Queen Isabella, but in spite of her coaxing and her sweetest tid-bits, he would only snarl constantly at the fat queen.

Yet enough of these four footed warriors. Let us now speak of a refined civilian dog. "Some years ago," writes a gentleman of Cologne, "I owned a black Pomeranian hound, who, by his watchfulness, and the ineradicable enmity he had sworn to rats and mice, won quite a brilliant renown in the little city of Oettingen, where I then resided. Living as I did on the main thoroughfare, I was very often called upon by travelling journeymen and beggars. In order to get rid of the everlasting getting up and down thus made necessary, I placed a box containing pennies by the door, with the simple notice to my importuning visitors that they might help themselves each to one penny. The guardianship of this fund was given to my dog, who, I must say, discharged the duties of his office with equal discretion and strictness. Every face and every hand reached into the box, was scanned with the closest scrutiny, so that when my Spitz caught a beggar wrathfully by the leg, it was invariably found out that the victim had taken more than the penny allowed him. The professional street-beggars soon learned this fact, and never attempted a second time to play the same game."

"At one period," continues this gentleman, "business called me weekly to Nuremberg. As it was sometimes inconvenient to have my dog with me—though in the position I then occupied I had a free pass for him—I usually left him locked up at home. But this plan worked successfully only a few times. For, as soon as the intelligent animal observed by the evening preparations that I was going to take the morning train, he was nowhere to be found

when the time came to lock him up. But, the moment I reached Nuremberg, behold, my dog would come crawling humbly and fawningly to my feet. On inquiry, I learned that he would wait by the train till the moment of departure, and then spring into the baggage-car, taking care to watch at every stopping-place that I did not get off.

"Though Spitz had a good sleeping-place of his own, he yet liked the warmer bed in winter, and often endeavored to find a night's rest at my feet, when he thought that I was already asleep. But, when I happened to wake up in the night, he would jump down quickly and lightly, and try by a yawning sigh to make me believe that he was quietly and innocently occupying his wonted couch."

This dog, by his master's account, had but one fault: he could never be brought, either by coaxing or constraint—to eat from a China plate. Nothing would suit him except his own dish of common earthenware.

Who among us all, dear reader, can say, as this dog might have said, "I have no worse fault, than the somewhat exaggerated and Diogenes-like modesty, of preferring to take my dinner from an earthen dish?"

### PASTEBOARD PIETY.

DO you recollect the scene in Don Quixote in which the immortal knight put upon himself a helmet made of pasteboard? That helmet being smitten and pierced by a sword, he sewed it up again, and would not part with it, but in his insanity wore it, and felt that he had an all-sufficient helmet on his head. Are there not many Don Quixotes among men, who put on armor that looks very well till some sword or spear is thrust into it, but which then is found to be like the pasteboard helmet that went to pieces the moment it was touched? If we are to have a piety that shall sustain us in the flood and in the fire; if we are to have a faith that shall be an all-sufficient armor by day and by night, the year round, and from year to year, we must have one that is made up of something better than mere pasteboard instruction or a paper belief.—*Plymouth Pulpit.*

EVEN by walking, man rests and recovers himself for climbing; by little joys and duties for great.—*Richter.*

### WHY DO YOU WEEP?

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

WHY do you bend above the dead and weep?  
Her tears have plead thro' the slow-passing years

For love you would not give; and now, you keep  
Your vigils close beside her, and your tears  
Fall on the brow that will not flush again  
At your cold scorning. Tighter clasp your hands,  
Bend lower o'er the lost one in your pain  
And break, if may be, Death's resistless bands.

Thus have we seen *her* weep, not for the dead;  
But for the meed of gentle words denied;  
For low sweet vows of tenderness unsaid,  
And for the love your proud lips pledged the bride.

And day by day her cheek had paler grown,  
Till, like a lily blighted by the frost,  
She died in beauty! and you sit alone  
In idle sorrow for the early lost.

Well, well: God help you! You have call'd her  
"wife"

For many a year; and perchance to-night,  
A dream of what you *might* have made her life  
Passes before you, and you feel the might  
Of a repentance that cannot avail  
To bring the broken-hearted back to earth—  
The pure life-current to the lips so pale,  
Nor to the eye, the olden look of mirth.

Aye—weep! The watching world will mark your  
"woe,"

And say—How well he loved her! And in  
Heaven—

Since Christ is merciful—I do not know  
But that for *her* sake you will be forgiven.  
I do not know—since she is still a *woman*,  
Though high and safe as any saint may be,  
But that—O holy Lord! "To err is human;"  
"Give him thy peace"—is her divinest plea.

So it is not for me to blame you. Deep  
In your sad soul, remorse and vain regret,  
Spirits that know no happy time of sleep—  
Whose poor, pale cheeks with tears are ever  
wet—

Will lie with folded wings but perfect vision,  
Wailing for aye of that which might have been,  
Till, some sweet morn, the portals to Elysium  
Ope and shut softly—leaving you within.

A tiny, slender, silken thread  
Is friendship, and we make it  
Bind hearts and lives to hearts and lives;  
But e'en a breath may shake it.  
And oft it takes but one wee word—  
But one wee word, to break it!



## THE WOMAN'S CENTURY.

BY JANE O. DE FOREST.

A SMALL, cheap picture hangs on the walls of my cottage home; and, could it not be replaced, I would not exchange it even for a Raphael. Underneath I read, "The Soldier Boy on Duty," and, looking up, meet the smiling blue eyes and beautiful young face of a lad, as he stands proudly leaning on his gun. In the background the stars and stripes are floating from the tent of the commanding officer, and just behind the young hero stands a wide-mouthed cannon, threatening death and destruction to the enemies of the nation. Though he looks cheerful and happy, there is an air of resolution about the "soldier boy;" he will "do or die if necessary."

Not only as a tender remembrance is this simple picture dear to my heart, but also as a perpetual reminder that I, too, should be "on duty." That there are great moral conflicts about me in which a woman's frail hand should strike for justice.

The rights of oppressed races are usually secured by the terrible resort to physical strife, but, thank Heaven, there is no such dreadful alternative necessary to promote the elevation of woman.

Yet, there must be earnest and aggressive efforts in training the public mind for advance, thought and action. Shirking, cowardly souls will do but little for any cause; and none ever needed courageous and determined advocates more than woman's in this *her* century. An enthusiastic self-abnegation and lofty devotion to principles as she places herself "on duty," to conquer or "die with the armor on," should characterize every thinking woman who places herself in that noble band who are laboring so zealously for the elevation of her sex.

Thoughtful souls had long felt that this was emphatically the "woman's century" before the bewildered and distressed divine so pathetically exclaimed, "The nineteenth century and the women are upon us."

As Christianity and education have spread their blessed influences abroad over the earth, physical force has gradually been displaced by moral and intellectual power, and woman, so long held in subjection for lack of physical might, is taking her rightful place at the side of her brother. England and America are not alone in their demands that women shall be

educated and made fit to be the *helpmeets* of men. The Oriental nations, who, during the long, dreary ages, have treated women as but little above the brute creation, are yielding to the influences of the hour. India has her woman's paper, and an educated and talented lady lecturer.

Japan decides that *her* daughters also must be educated, and sends them as pupils to the United States. American women, as missionary physicians, are gaining entrance to those Pagan and Mahomedan homes where the women, viewed solely as human animals, have been kept in strict seclusion. Even in Constantinople, one of the sixteen daily papers there published is the especial champion of woman's rights.

France and Germany throw open the doors of their famous medical colleges to the persecuted daughters of our own land, and various schools are being established for the more thorough training of girls. Italy, too, furnishes her orators and writers among women.

The British Isles, for so many years the centre of Christian civilization, seem destined to take the lead in this grand movement of the age; not only by striving to secure equal educational advantages for women, but by placing them in important offices, and giving those women who own property the suffrage in municipal elections. The right to preach has for many years been granted them in some of their churches, and affairs now indicate that Parliament will soon pass laws granting suffrage to women on the same equality with men.

In our own country we can see with greater clearness the remarkable rapidity of woman's advancement. Fifty years ago women were comparatively uneducated. If our revered grandmothers and great-aunts could read, write, and cipher, their education was deemed complete. To-day, our educated ladies are found in the physician's office, the artist's and sculptor's studio, with the mighty pen in their hands, upon the lecturer's platform, at the bookkeeper's desk, before the compositor's frame, and in all our schools. At the beginning of this century women had scarce any acknowledged rights in the Christian churches; to-day many evangelical bodies give them equal privileges in the prayer and business

meetings, and even license them to preach. In 1800, married women had but few rights that "men were bound to respect;" seventy-two years later find very many improvements in the laws and men's interpretation of them. Had women ventured to advocate the extension of the elective franchise to all the citizens of this country without regard to sex when Washington was candidate for the presidency, they would probably have suffered martyrdom as witches; to-day no class of women in the land are wielding such a power in behalf of woman's progression in all the relations of life as those who advocate her equal political rights. Even if some years elapse before these are attained, the agitation is arousing the public mind and doing much good.

New and more generous views spring up; the traditional inferiority of women is less urged by men of common sense, and broader fields of usefulness are yearly opened for woman's energetic effort. The opposition aroused by this success only tends to increase the zeal of all true reformers, and many who have striven by falsehood and defamation to injure this cause will find their words rebounding to their own hurt. The action of the Presbytery in the case of Dr. Cuyler will do more to furnish the pulpits of the country with women preachers than years spent in urging their Heaven-born right to labor for the salvation of souls.

"The nineteenth century and the women." Yes, brethren, even so; and in your assumptions and denunciations it would be well for you to pause and consider, "lest haply you be found to fight against God." These signs of the times are no haphazard events, the hand of the Almighty guides and directs them. The religion of Jesus is redeeming woman from the thralldom of ages; and, looking back over the dark night of her degradation and despair, my heart goes up with thankfulness for birth in a Christian land in the nineteenth century, when woman's day is so gloriously dawning.

**GENTILITY.**—This is neither in birth, wealth, manner, nor fashion—but in the mind. A high sense of honor, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another, an adherence to truth, delicacy, and politeness, toward those with whom we have dealings, are the essential characteristics of a gentleman.

**HOW TO BEGIN LIFE.**—Begin life with but little show; you may increase it afterward.

## NOW.

BY ALICE HAMILTON.

**D**O thy present duty,  
Let the future bring  
What so e'er it listeth—  
Bring thy offering,  
Lay it on the altar,  
This thy daily prayer;  
Lord I pray Thee use me,  
Here or any where!

Though thy heart is longing  
Some great work to do,  
It may be thy mission  
Only to be true—  
True to those about thee;  
True to God and right;  
Other hands may gather  
Laurels from the fight,  
And thou do the serving,  
Only stand and wait,  
When the hero cometh  
To open the gate.

And if worn and weary,  
Fainting on the road,  
Sometimes thy life burden  
Seems a heavy load;  
It may make thine lighter  
Some one's else to bear,  
In another's sorrows  
Half forget thy care.

If a little childling  
Whisper, "If you please?"  
Answer his petition,  
Dare not take thine ease  
While his lips are pleading,  
Turn not thou away—  
Wait to do thy resting  
On a future day.

When our lives are ended,  
And death bids us, "Come,"  
All these seeming trifles  
Help make up the sum;  
Then our greatest actions  
May prove vain and small,  
And our patient waiting,  
Worthiest of all.

**INDICATIONS OF WEATHER BY DEW.**—If, in the morning, there is a great quantity of dew on the ground, it is an indication of a clear day; because, if the weather were cloudy, these clouds would prevent the radiation of the heat from the earth, in consequence of which the earth would not become cool enough to condense the vapor of the air into dew; but, if the night was clear, there would be a contrary result.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

### COMFORTED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALKS WITH A CHILD."

#### IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

##### CHAPTER IV:

MRS. LANGDON had not said that she would keep the baby. But I knew, from the moment I saw in her eyes, the new-born mother-love that all was right for him. When I arose to leave her, he was asleep, lying upon her bed, on the snowy pillow her careful hands had arranged for him—lying on the same pillow and in the same place over which but a little while before she had bent in joy gazing at another baby, now in Heaven.

There was nothing indeterminate in her manner as she saw me rise to go.

"Come in the morning, Agnes, I shall want to see you," she said.

I could not but notice the change in her voice, as she spoke. It had lost more than half of its sadness, and had a quiet firmness of tone that came from new thoughts and purposes.

I went away, deeply impressed with this added proof of the self-forgetting power of divine love when it flows into a human heart; for all love that seeks the good of another is from God, no matter what its form.

I called to see Mrs. Langdon early on the next day. She met me at the door of her chamber. As I took her hand, I saw the faint impression of a smile sitting around her lips. There was a restful look in her face.

"How is baby?" I asked.

"Very well," she answered, in a half whisper as she drew me into the room. He was lying asleep in a crib—her own baby's crib which was not there on the day before. I went and stood over him, she by my side.

"As sweet a baby as my eyes ever looked upon," said I.

Mrs. Langdon did not reply, but leaned her head on my shoulder. We stood thus without speaking for some minutes. I knew that my friend was thinking of another baby; and that her heart was going away after him with inexpressible longings. I knew also, that the living, breathing baby that lay before us had crept into her heart, and that his life was flowing into her life, and would soon be so bound up with it as to give pulse for pulse.

She drew me away at last, and we sat down together.

"I am not sure, Agnes," she said, speaking seriously, "that you have dealt fairly with me in this thing. You have taken me at a disadvantage."

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"How so?" I inquired.

"You knew if I saw this poor motherless babe, that my heart, sick with its pent-up mother-love, would go out toward it with uncontrollable tenderness. That I could not help myself. Was it right, do you think?"

"Have I wronged you?" I simply queried.

"No; I will not say that," she answered.

"Have I wronged the baby—in giving it to a love like yours?—a poor motherless baby, all adrift in an evil and selfish world."

The serious lines in her face went off, and in their stead I saw a bloom of heavenly sweetness.

"No, I think not," she said, half to herself—yet with perceptible sadness, as if a sense of loyalty to her own baby were disturbed.

The sleeping infant moved in its crib at this moment, and gave a little cry. A flush of tender concern came into my friend's face, and she arose quickly and crossed the room to where it lay. No mother ever bent over her own baby with a more loving interest that I saw in Mrs. Langdon. She laid her hand upon it with the softest touches, and soothed it back to sleep.

"What does Mr. Langdon say?" I asked, as we stood by the crib.

"Nothing."

"What does he think? Your perception has doubtless reached that."

"No."

"He will leave you free to act as you may desire?"

"Yes."

My arm was about her. We walked away, silent again for awhile, and sat down together.

"God is comforting you," I said, at length.

She looked up at me with a question in her face.

"He has been very near to you in the last few hours. As your heart was moved to receive one of the little ones whose angels do always behold him, he drew nigh to your soul; and as it opened to give human love, his divine love flowed in with comfort and blessing."

"You speak very confidently," my friend answered, as one a little surprised.

"If we believe anything at all about God's love, and omnipresence, can we believe less than this?"

"Omnipresence—it is such a great word; like omnipotence, and almighty. It oppresses me. I feel the sense of an awful power."

I took a little while to think before answering. What she had said, let me again into a perception of her idea of God as grand, and great, and afar off. I had tried once before to give her an impression of his personal nearness; to make her think of

Him as a loving, but invisible friend, standing at her very side; but if the impression was felt at the time, it had faded away.

I must try again, for I knew that according to her idea of God would be the measure of comfort and peace she would get from Him. If she believed Him to be only a grand and august Being, coldly wise and just, and sitting enthroned in celestial glory in the very heaven of heavens, she could never get near Him—never open her heart to Him as to a loving and sympathizing friend, and receive from Him the consolation He was seeking to give.

"There is only one God," I said, uttering the truth that all Christians believe.

Mrs. Langdon looked at me with assent in her eyes.

"And He, out of love for His disobedient and wretched children, who had gone far away from Him, and were in danger of perishing, 'bowed the heavens' and came down that He might save them; became visible even to their natural eyes, in the person of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—who was 'God with us'; 'God manifest in the flesh.' When the Lord thus came down so near to human beings that they could see Him with their natural eyes, touch Him with their natural hands, and hear His voice sounding in their natural ears; He also came near to their spiritual consciousness—nearer than He had ever been before.

"After His great and wonderful work of human redemption from the power of evil, in which He was able to feel, in the humanity He assumed, all the pain and suffering and all the temptations that any soul could endure, He made that humanity divine. Though no longer visible to our natural senses, in this divine humanity, He can and does come near to our souls—a personal God, seeing us, knowing all our hearts, yearning over and pitying us with an infinite tenderness. There was not a single display of His love and compassion while He walked among men, two thousand years ago, that was not a type of the spiritual blessings He is now seeking to bestow.

"Oh, no, my friend! God is not a God afar off; but near at hand. He is closer to us than a brother. It was in order to get near to us that He took upon Him our nature, and felt the heart-beat of poor humanity."

I saw a light coming into my friend's face.

"The Lord Jesus, He is God—the Alpha and the Omega; the beginning and the end; the first and the last; and without Him there is no other. And it is He that says, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.' It is He that says, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life.' No, not a God far away, shrouded from His people in essential glory; but a God near to the humblest and weakest of His creatures."

The light in Mrs. Langdon's face grew stronger.

"Try, dear friend!" I added, "to think of the Lord and Saviour as a God full of compassion and

gracious. But He cannot comfort you unless you do His will; for it is in the doing that comfort comes. Just in the degree that we deny ourselves, and do the good He sets before us, will He bless us. He stands at the door of your heart and mine, knocking, and says, 'If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in and sup with him, and he shall sup with me.' How shall we open the door and let Him in? By doing His will. That is, by refraining from all evil ways, and acting in our spheres of life according to the spirit of His divine precepts."

"That is," said Mrs. Langdon, with a pained, helpless kind of look, "we must become Christians; and I don't think that is possible for me. I never had a religious turn of mind."

I smiled back in her face, saying: "To be a Christian is to follow the example of Christ. It is all very simple. Without knowing it, you have already begun a Christian life, and already, through the open door of your heart, Christ has entered and said unto your troubled spirit, 'Peace, be still!'"

"Oh, Agnes! What do you mean?" she exclaimed, leaning toward me, with a flash of new thoughts in her eyes.

"The Lord said to you," I answered, "in such a plain way that you could not but understand Him, 'Take this helpless babe, and nurture him for Heaven;' and you took the babe, and let him nestle in your heart. And as he entered, through the open door went in the Lord and His angels. And where they go in, there is peace for the troubled, and comfort for those who mourn. My friend! retain these heavenly guests! Never let them go out. Though the heaven of heavens cannot contain the Lord, he will yet abide with you, if you but do His will."

"How shall I do his will? Oh, Agnes! If I but knew how!" She spoke with great earnestness.

"You are doing it in this very thing. It is not in the forms of external worship that we must do the Lord's will; but in a daily life of usefulness to others. He may never hear our vain prayers, put up for some good, selfishly desired, though we cry never so earnestly; but the smallest act of kindness to a fellow-being will bring Him near to our souls, and He will bless us in the degree that we are unselfish in our good deed. If we would be Christians, that is, followers of Christ, we must walk in the way He walked while upon earth."

"Simply that?" Mrs. Langdon asked, with the tone and manner of one surprised by a new thought.

"How else are we to be Christians?" I replied. "If we do not follow in the footsteps of our Lord, we cannot be His disciples; and to follow Him is to imitate His example in doing good to others. If we regard only ourselves—live only for our own ease and gratification—refuse to help the helpless when they fall in our way—have no pity nor mercy,

nor love for others—we are not His disciples, no matter how piously we may live. Prayers and sacraments hurt rather than benefit those who call themselves Christians, yet refuse to do His will."

"I see," my friend answered. "Yes, it is plain that we must do the will of Christ, if we would be called by His name. The question is, how are we to do his will? what is required of us?"

"To do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before our God. This is the sum of religion," I replied.

"Ah!" she said; "if we are to be tried by that test, who shall stand?"

"Not those who wrong the neighbor, or shut out pity from their hearts, or let spiritual pride bear them loftily. But he that giveth only a cup of cold water shall have his reward. In the very least thing we do to help and bless another, there is a turning of the soul to God; a practical response to the divine call 'Come unto me.' Alas! how many hungry and thirsty souls there are who cry daily, and in bitter anguish of spirit, for the living bread and water; and yet it is not given! Why?"

I left the question for my friend to answer. I wanted her to see the reason in her own thought and not in mine. After a prolonged silence, she said: "Because the hand is not reached out to take them. Is not that the reason?"

"Can there be any other? The Lord says to us, 'Behold I stand at the door and knock!' He does not wait for us, but, in his love for our souls, comes and knocks. The door is shut. He will not force it open, for that would be of no use. We must open the door to our heavenly guest. Now, we cannot open it by thinking, or willing or praying—only by doing His will. So it is with our spirits when they grow faint and sick for lack of heavenly food; we must reach out our hands, as you have just said, and take the bread of Heaven and the waters of eternal life. To reach out the hand in this sense, is to do what the Lord says. Obedience is no mere ideal thing. Its beginnings are in the thoughts and purposes of the soul; but it has no true existence until it comes down into act; until the hands take hold of duty. The purpose, the thought, and the act, are all necessary to make obedience real. Then and then only is prayer answered; then and then only is the door opened for the Lord to enter; then and then only can the soul be satisfied with living bread and water."

The baby moved in his sleep, and gave a feeble cry. Quick as thought Mrs. Langdon was by his side, her manner expressing the most loving interest. Her soft touches did not quiet him back to slumber, and so she lifted him in her arms and brought him across the room to where we had been sitting.

He was a sweet baby. As he lay upon her lap, his tender blue eyes fixed as by a kind of fascination on the face that bent above him, he seemed the loveliest thing I had ever looked upon.

"Their angels do always behold the face of my Father."

I said these wonderful words softly and reverently.

"What does that mean?" my friend asked.

"I think it means," I answered, "that the best of angels—those who are nearest to God—are present with infants, and give to those who have the care of them all the gentleness, tenderness, and loving interest in their power to bestow. If this be so, then she who takes a baby into her heart, has the highest of Heaven's angels as her guests."

Very, very still my friend sat, bending over the child that lay upon her lap for a long time.

"I feel very strangely," she said, at last, in a subdued way.

"How strangely?" I asked.

"It seems as if a door had been opened for me into a new world of thoughts and impressions."

"I think it has," was my reply. "Oh, my dear friend!" I added, with ardor. "Do not turn away from that open door, but enter in. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.'"

"For them that love Him, I cannot say that. I am conscious of no such feeling toward God."

"He that hath my commandments, and doeth them, he it is that loveth me."

"There is no love in mere obedience," said Mrs. Langdon.

"First obedience and then love," I replied.

"When, from a sense of duty to God and the neighbor, we compel ourselves to do what we see to be right, we open our hearts to divine influences; and then love begins to take the place of cold obedience."

"And so," she said, with light again breaking into her face, "in the keeping of His commandments love is born."

"Yes, and in no other way. Not through praying, nor by any effort of thought or will—not in pious acts, nor by means of sacraments—do we get the great blessing of God's love in the soul; but by walking in His ways—by doing the things set down in His commandments. Then and then only can He give us that spirit of divine unselfishness, which burns with neighborly love."

It is remarkable that man is the only animal capable of hypocrisy; which is a plain proof that man, in distinction from all other animals, is a compound, consisting of two men, an internal man and an external; since it is impossible that any one can play the hypocrite, unless his external man be compelled to assume an aspect which is at variance with his internal man.

Man has always something to be thankful for, providing he keeps open the door of communication with his Heavenly Father, for at that door all good enters; indeed the very power to open it is an invaluable good.



## EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

### YOUNG AGAIN.

**A**N old man sits in a high-back'd chair  
Before an open door,  
While the sun of a summer afternoon  
Falls hot across the floor,  
And the drowsy click of an ancient clock  
Has noted the hour of four.

A breeze blows in and a breeze blows out,  
From the scented summer air,  
And it flutters now on his wrinkled brow,  
And now it lifts his hair;  
And the leaden lid of his eye drops down,  
And he sleeps in his high-back'd chair.

The old man sleeps, and the old man dreams,  
His head drops on his breast,  
His hands relax their feeble hold,  
And fall to his lap in rest.  
The old man sleeps, and in sleep he dreams,  
And in dreams again is blest.

The years unroll their fearful scroll,  
He is a child again,  
A mother's tones are in his ear,  
And drift across his brain!  
He chases gaudy butterflies  
Far down the rolling plain.

He plucks the wild-rose in the woods,  
And gathers eglantine,  
And holds the golden buttercups  
Beneath his sister's chin;  
And angles in the meadow brook  
With a bent and naked pin.

He litters down the grassy lane,  
And by the brimming pool,  
And a sigh escapes his parted lips  
As he hears the bell for school—  
And he wishes it never were nine o'clock,  
And the morning never were full.

A mother's hand is press'd on his head,  
Her kiss is on his brow—  
A summer breeze blows in at the door  
With a toss of a leafy bough;  
And the boy is a white-haired man again,  
And his eyes are tear-ill'd now.

### THE CHANGELING.

A STORY TOLD TO GRACIE.

BY ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

**O**NE day in summer's glow  
Not many years ago,  
A little baby lay upon my knee,  
With rings of silken hair,  
And fingers waxen fair,  
Tiny and soft, and pink as pink could be.

We watched it thrive and grow,—  
Ah, me! we loved it so,—  
And marked its daily gain of sweeter charms;  
It learned to laugh and crow,  
And play, and kiss us—so—  
Until one day we missed it from our arms.

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In sudden, strange surprise  
We met each other's eyes,  
Asking, "Who stole our pretty babe away?"  
We questioned earth and air,  
But, seeking everywhere,  
We never found it from that summer day.

But in its wonted place  
There was another face,—  
A little girl's, with yellow, curly hair  
About her shoulders tossed,—  
And the sweet babe we lost  
Seemed sometimes looking from her eyes so fair.

She dances, romps, and sings,  
And does a hundred things  
Which my lost baby never tried to do;  
She longs to read in books,  
And with bright, eager looks  
Is always asking questions strange and new.

And I can scarcely tell,  
I love the rogue so well,  
Whether I would retrace the four-year's track,  
And lose the merry sprite,  
Who makes my home so bright,  
To have again my little baby back.

Ah, blue-eyes! do you see  
Who stole my babe from me,  
And brought the little girl from fairy-clime?  
A gray old man with wings,  
Who steals all precious things;  
He lives forever, and his name is Time.

He rules the world, they say:  
He took my babe away—  
My precious babe—and left me in its place  
This little maiden fair,  
With yellow, curly hair,  
Who lives on stories, and whose name is Grace!  
*Our Young Folks.*

### A WOMAN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

**O**H, dwarfed and wronged, and stained with ill,  
Behold! thou art a woman still!  
And, by that sacred name and dear,  
I bid thy better self appear.

Still, through thy foul disguise, I see  
The rudimental purity,  
That, spite of change and loss, makes good  
Thy birthright claim of womanhood;  
An inward loathing, deep, intense;  
A shame that is half innocence.

Cast off the grave-clothes of thy sin!  
Rise from the dust thou liest in,  
As Mary rose at Jesus's word,  
Redeemed and white before the Lord!  
Reclaim thy lost soul! In His name  
Rise up and break thy bonds of shame!

Art weak? He's strong. Art fearful? Hear  
The world's O'ercomer: "Be of cheer!"  
What lip shall judge when he approves?  
Who dare to scorn the child he loves?

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## THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

### "THE WOMAN QUESTION."

A CORRESPONDENT writing us from the West makes some excellent common-sense remarks under the above title. She touches that phase of the "question" which relates to the rights of wives to the independent possession and disposition of money. We have all read the anecdote of the old Quaker and his wife. When the latter was about setting out for a journey, at the last moment before the cars started, she ventured to hint mildly that she might find a little money necessary and convenient on her travels. "Why, Sarah!" was the astonished reply, "what did thee do with the quarter I gave thee last week?"

Women whose allowances are regular and liberal, and women who hold one purse in common with their husband, to which they are as free to go as is he, will, no doubt, look upon the story of the old Quaker as somewhat apocryphal. But we know of many cases in real life where it might literally be true, except that perhaps there could be no reference to a quarter given the week before. We know men who never trust their wives with a penny, and believe them as incapable of the spending of money as a child. One case in particular we call to mind of a pleasant agreeable couple, the only drawback to whose complete domestic happiness is this, that the wife never sees one penny of money the year round that she does not earn herself. Her husband provides for her liberally according to his means, but her dresses, her bonnets, her shoes, are all of his choosing. That her toilet is somewhat incongruous my lady readers will easily imagine. If the wife happens to express a wish for a green dress, a passing wish, perhaps, which she might not gratify herself if she had means at her disposal, in less than a week the green dress makes its appearance, but it might as well be red or yellow as far as it matches the ideal tint of green she has in her mind, or any green ribbon or other article she may have to wear with it.

This man can never understand why his wife is dissatisfied. Don't he get her everything she wants within the limit of his means? And if she is not satisfied with all he does for her, what would become of his money if he allowed her to help herself to it? The truth is, though he cannot be made to see it, her wardrobe would cost no more than it does now, if as much, and would be far more satisfactory. While actual experience and observation proves to us that women are more judicious and economical providers for the household than men are.

The right to either free access to her husband's purse, or else to a stipulated allowance, liberal (854)

according to his means, is a right which every married woman should insist upon, and never be contented until she gets. One half of what he earns is hers not only in justice but in law; and it would be well for refractory husbands to be reminded, by way of warning, that it has been decided in a court of justice that a woman cannot steal from her husband. That is, that taking that to which she has already a right is not theft.

But we will let our western friend speak for herself. Every protest of this sort must have a certain weight:

"There has been so much written of late on the much vexing 'Woman Question' that it seems almost a mad attempt for me to raise my feeble pen either for or against. But I do not think the right key has been touched yet. 'Marion Harland' has come nearer touching it than any writer I know of.

"I do not think that one woman in ten (at least of the married ones,) would go to the polls to vote were the right of suffrage accorded them. Still there is an undercurrent of dissatisfaction among the majority of American women to-day that is destined to break out in some shape or other; though it is not the excitements of political life that will quench the longings of the women of to-day. It is independence in our homes.

"I will give a few examples to illustrate my meaning. One little woman of my acquaintance has four children; she does nearly all her own sewing, housework, and care of her family, and has done it ever since she was a married woman, and has done everything she could to help her husband along in the world. But she never has a dollar of spending money of her own. Every time she wants a yard of muslin or calico, or anything else for herself or children she has to ask for it, just as though it was not her own right. Sometimes she gets it and sometimes she don't. Sometimes she gets put off with the remark, 'Why I thought I bought you ten yards last summer, what have you done with that.' Now you may think her husband an exception or a monster, but he is neither. His conduct arises from his want of knowledge of the details of housekeeping, and from thoughtlessness. Thousands of husbands to-day, who are good ones in the main, are thoughtlessly causing their wives to feel almost the dependence of an object of charity. If they would only think earnestly and honestly on the subject, they could not help but see that it is very humiliating for a smart, intelligent woman to have to almost plead for what is her right.

"Now for every disease there is a remedy, and the remedy for this is, that the husband shall consider his wife his partner, entitled to the rights and privileges of a member of the firm. A great many men will say that they don't know what would become of the money if the women had the spending of it. And others will say that a firm would soon break up if women were partners. But I do not think it speaks much for their choice of a wife if they are not willing to trust them with the money necessary for the household expenses. It is this

feeling of not being *trusted*—this feeling of utter dependence—that causes so many heartburnings among the women of to-day. I know one woman, who cried herself to sleep one night, because she had broken a dish, not for the loss of the dish, but for fear her husband would speak a word intimating that she was careless in breaking *his* dishes, and I have known others, intelligent women, too, who did not *dare* to buy anything about the house without their husbands' consent.

"Some of the writers of fiction seem to be striving to ameliorate the condition of women, but their characters are generally drawn too much from im-

agination rather than real life, to have any effect upon those people whom they would reach.

"There is one thing I like, in the writings of the present time, every one seems to be of the opinion that every woman should learn a trade and learn it *well*. When it gets to be the rule, not the exception, then will women cease to marry for the sake of getting supported, and much of the so-called woman question, will be done away with, for there will be so much happiness in the married state, that there will be no more call for any more rights than they already possess."

## THE GARDEN AND GREENHOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GARDENING FOR LADIES," ETC.

### THE CULTURE OF THE VERBENA.

**T**HERE is no plant more admired, nor one which gives greater satisfaction, than the verbenas, whether as a window or greenhouse plant, in the winter, or as a showy bedding plant in the lawn or border in the summer. Though easily raised from seed, and still more easily and rapidly propagated by layers, there are yet some drawbacks attending its cultivation, which have rendered it an unattainable good to many amateur gardeners.

We find full directions not only for its culture, but for overcoming the difficulties in the way of its successful growth, in a volume entitled "Practical Floriculture," by Peter Henderson, a professional gardener, who boasts that he has *always* been successful with the verbenas, where most other gardeners have signally failed.

Starting about the first of April, he takes cuttings from healthy plants, being careful that the branches from which the cuttings are taken have reached such a state of growth that they will break on being bent. These cuttings are inserted in warm, moist sand, and should never be allowed to get dry. They must be shaded from the heat of the sun, but allowed fresh air. They will root, he says, fit to be potted off, in eight or ten days, and will be fine healthy plants, ready for the open air, thirty days after. This will bring the time about the 10th of May, which is sufficiently early to put out tender plants. Verbenas will grow in almost any soil, provided it is well manured, and not allowed to be water-soaked.

By August they will have spread to a distance of three feet, and be well covered with blossoms and seed-pods. Our own experience is that if the blossoms are cut as soon as they pass the stage of their beauty, the plant will blossom far more profusely, as otherwise so much of its vitality is required to sustain the forming seed.

About the middle of August cut back the shoots six inches, free the plants from decayed leaves, and thin out when too thick in the centre. Fork the soil around each plant, adding a compost of equal

parts of fresh soil and rotted manure to the depth of two or three inches.

The shoots of the verbenas root so readily in the ground when it is growing, that there is a great temptation to take cuttings with roots already formed. But in most cases the roots are formed so low down that the shoot is hard and woody at that point, and will not give a healthy growth.

Take cuttings in the fall the same as in the spring, and pot them off immediately on being rooted. If the potting is delayed, the cuttings will not make thrifty plants. After being potted, they should be shaded for two or three days, or as long as the weather may require. These cuttings are for the winter supply, and for "stock" plants from which to take cuttings in the spring.

Mr. Henderson lays great stress on fumigation for the verbenas, and, although he is not sure that it will cure the "black rust" when it has made its appearance, he is inclined to the belief that it will prevent it. Frequent and vigorous watering, continued fumigation, and a low temperature, are the three things which he depends on to ward off the attacks of the insect whose depredations are known as "black rust." Amateurs almost always keep verbenas in too high a temperature. Mr. Henderson says a temperature of forty to forty-five degrees at night, ranging ten degrees higher during the day, will produce healthy and vigorous stock; while the verbenas he kept in a mixed greenhouse collection, with a night temperature of fifty-five or sixty degrees, always became affected by black rust.

In raising verbenas from seed, sow thickly in shallow boxes about the first of February, using a thin covering of some light compost—well-rotted hops or leaf-mould—and keep them in a moist, cool temperature. In three or four weeks prick off the plants into a similar compost, about an inch apart. Plant in the open ground early in May, in rows two feet apart, and four inches apart in the row. On flowering, the larger part are pulled up, only the best allowed to remain. Verbenas raised from seed are usually the most vigorous plants, and it is by this mode of culture that new varieties are obtained.

## HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.

### SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

**I**N view of the dreadful disasters by fire which have recently swept over portions of our country, it is well to observe every precaution that these terrible scenes shall not be repeated.

One cannot be too guarded in the management of their stoves, ranges, furnaces, grates, flues, and chimneys; in the place for stowing matches; in the handling of petroleum and benzine. But these precautions are not sufficient. It is sometimes impossible to trace the origin of a fire to any ordinary cause; and then the common supposition is that the fire must have been the work of an incendiary. But the incendiary may not have been any more accountable party than a greasy rag dropped among papers or shavings.

The *Free Press* of Detroit gives an account of a series of experiments recently held in that city by a chemist and two other gentlemen, in regard to spontaneous combustion. It says:

"They first took a piece of cotton cloth which had once formed a part of a sheet, and which had been used until quite threadbare, and smeared it with boiled linseed oil. An old chest was placed in the loft of a store room back of the drug store, a piece of zinc under it, another piece over it, and then the chest was filled with paper and rags, and this particular piece of cloth placed in the centre. Although the room was not a tight one, and the weather cold, in eight days there was such a smell of fire about the trunk, and the chances were so good for a conflagration within it, that the contents were emptied out. An examination showed that the fibre of the oiled cloth had untwisted and shrivelled up, and that the rag looked as if it had been held too near the fire.

"In April, when the rays of the sun were stronger, a pair of painter's overalls, literally covered with paint and oil, were rolled up, a handful of fine pine shavings placed inside, and these were crowded in next to the roof boards of the loft. The experiment was not a week old when, during one warm afternoon, a smell of smoke alarmed a workman in the next room, and he found the overalls burning, and so tinder-like was the cloth that it had to be crowded in a pan of water to prevent total destruction. During the hot weather, last month, a handful of old cotton rags, in which two matches were placed, but which were not smeared with oil or other matter, were shut up in a tin box, and hung up in the loft, a rear window allowing the afternoon sun to shine directly on the box for several hours.

"Toward the close of the fourth day the chemist took down the box to see how the experiment was progressing, and found the contents to consist of a

puff of black cinders, which flew all over the room as the lid was lifted. Having a vacant corner in his brick wood-house at home, the chemist took the trunk up there where there was no danger of burning a building. He filled the trunk with the contents of the paper rag-bag, and then smeared one with benzine and threw it in the last of all. The trunk was shut tight, everything cleared away from its vicinity, and he commenced watching. On the first day of the menagerie the family went to visit the sights, and came home to find a few ashes marking the place where the trunk stood, while the bricks above and around were badly stained with smoke.

"The results of such experiments as these show strongly the necessity for caution when dealing with certain substances. Rags saturated with oil become liable to combustion, or a rag used with benzine for cleansing purposes, as is often the case, becomes equally dangerous.

### THE COLOR OF THE YELK IN EGGS.

The following paragraph is going the rounds of the press:

"The color of yolks of eggs may or may not be slightly affected by the kind of food eaten. But it is said to be certain that the yolk of a new-laid egg is always of a light lemon color, and that age causes it to grow darker. A yolk of a deep orange color simply denotes an old egg. The lighter the color of the yolk the fresher the egg."

This is entirely erroneous; and we make this statement on the authority of a personal experience of several years with poultry and with eggs. The facts of the case are these: When a hen first begins laying the yolks of her eggs will be of a deep rich orange. Each successive egg she lays will be lighter in color than its predecessor, until the last one that she lays, especially if she be a good layer, and lays a large number of eggs before she shows a disposition to set—will be of a very light lemon. And a light lemon it will remain so long as it remains an egg.

**POTATO CHEESECAKES.**—Boil six ounces of potatoes and four ounces of lemon-peel; beat the latter in a marble mortar with four ounces of sugar, then add the potatoes beaten, and four ounces of butter, melted in a little cream. When well mixed let it stand for half an hour. Put crust in patty-pans, and rather more than half fill them. Bake in quick oven half an hour, sifting some double refined sugar on them when going to the oven. This quantity will make a dozen.

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

*Vesta.* By Hester A. Benedict. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

In this neat and tasteful little volume we find a collection of poems by a lady whose contributions to the *HOME MAGAZINE* have, by their rich fancy, fervid feeling, and tender sentiment, won for her the warm and intelligent appreciation of a large circle of our readers. The opening poem—"Vesta"—from which the volume receives its title, is the record of a mother's feelings during the life and after the death of her child. Written with much power and feeling, it is for motherhood what Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is for friendship, and every mother will find an echo in her own heart to its mingled strains of joy and sorrow. It opens with a song of triumph, of maternal joy, which cries out:

"Oh, beautiful blossoms, and fair, I ween,  
To valley and wood are given!  
But the rarest flower under the sun,  
And the sweetest, too, is the little one  
That was wafted to us from heaven.  
And what, I pray, is the world to me?  
And what to my love the shadowy skies?  
The light of our world is the soul that lies  
Half hid in the depths of our darling's eyes,  
And sweeter and dearer, as time glides on,  
Is our wildwood flower, our bird of song—  
Our Paradise blossom that yester-down  
Was wafted to us from Heaven."

The mother then addresses her babe—her "little white lamb with the restless feet," in a beautiful Tennysonian-like song, from which we quote the second verse, for the sake of the pretty conceit in the two concluding lines:

"Come to my arms, my baby!  
The dews are over the grass,  
That nods to the buttercups, gold as your hair,  
And the hands of the shadows, purple and bare,  
Are parted to let you pass."

In the fourth song, there comes to the mother warnings of danger to her little one. Her love and fear are vividly portrayed. "What?" she cries out:

"What is it that mars the morning?  
What is that freights the air  
With a whisper as if of warning,  
With a whisper as if of prayer?"

"Oh, what so troubles the river,  
That flows through my heart and my brain?  
And why do my pale lips shiver  
As if they were stricken with pain?"

"What have they done with their voices gay—  
The bells that are chiming seven?  
Is anything wrong on the earth, I pray,  
Or anything wrong in Heaven?"

"An hour? just one? and never again  
To rock her to sleep on my bosom?  
To cover her hair with my kisses, as rain  
Covers all the fair leaves of a blossom?"

"Hush! speak not! or say you deceive me!  
Is Azrael stronger than I?  
Can the Father that loves me bereave me?  
Unheeding the mother's wild cry?"

Her babe dies and is buried. The wail of the bereaved mother is truly touching:

"Oh! they hid you down here in the dark to-day,  
And said you would sleep till the morning light—  
When the gold of your tresses was never away  
From mamma's caresses a single night."

"I knew you would stir in your gossamer gown,  
And reach your fingers to find my face,  
To feel where the fringe of my hair swept down,  
Crying out, if you missed me out of my place."

"Come! What can you find in the underground  
calms,  
That cling to your bosom, and cover your face,  
And what in the sweetness of echoless psalms,  
Stronger to hold than your mother's embrace."

"Into my life as I sit to-night,  
Face to face with my sorrowful soul,  
Into my life, ah me, ah me!  
The break of a dolorous darkness dips,  
And the rose-red vanishes out of my lips;  
And white with affright,  
I lean to the night,  
As the downs lean cold to the sea,  
As the cold downs lean to the sea!"

"And the heart in my bosom it lies like lead,  
As the dead lie deep in the sea."

Her grief finally becomes more calm, but is still a wail and a moan. "Oh, happy mothers," she sings:

"Oh, happy mothers in all the land,  
Wakened from slumber this Christmas morn,  
By the dancing of feet that are nimble and fleet,  
By the clanging of kisses, parading and sweet;  
Or by the loud 'Mamma, awake, and see  
What Santa Claus brought in the night to me.'  
Do you dream that any one sits forlorn  
In the greatening glow of Christmas morn?"

"Oh, happiest mothers in all the land!  
My heart sends greeting across the sea,  
Blending its rhymes with the Christmas chimes,  
That rouse up the phantoms of happier times;  
And seeming to see you, just now, as you stand,  
With dimpled white fingers shut close in your hand,  
Glad in your gladness, wherever ye be,  
I send to you greeting!—But who greets me?"

Want of space, however, forbids us to quote further from this or other portions of the book. The miscellaneous pieces which follow "Vesta" are all admirable, embracing as they do such poems as "What are the Pine Trees Saying," "Going Home," "Our Darling," and others, which, originally appearing in the *HOME MAGAZINE*, are already familiar to and prized by our readers.

*TRAVELS IN ARABIA.* Compiled and arranged by Bayard Taylor. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co., successors to Charles Scribner & Co.

This is the third in that very entertaining and instructive series of books, "The Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure." The main portion of the present volume is taken up by an admir-



able condensation of Palgrave's recently published narrative of his travels and adventures in a district of Arabia previously unvisited by any European or Christian. The relation is one of deep interest, and reads more like a romance than the veracious narrative of a learned and scientific traveller. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

**WONDERS OF ELECTRICITY.** Translated from the French of G. Balle. Edited, with numerous additions, by Dr. John W. Armstrong, President of the New York State Normal School, Fredonia, New York. With sixty-five illustrations. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

This handsome volume belongs to the new series of "The Illustrated Library of Wonders." It is a popular epitome, clearly and attractively arranged, of all that is at present known in regard to electricity. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

**AN AMERICAN GIRL ABROAD.** By Adeline Trafton. Illustrated by Miss L. B. Humphrey. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A lively, amusing book, whose author saw strange countries with the eyes of a young girl, and has told us of what she saw with the sprightly naivete and assurance characteristic of youth and cultivation. It is not likely that a girl in her teens should see all there is to be seen in a tour of Europe, be particularly impressed by the charm of associations, or write a very profound book. Still girls and boys of the same age will be pleased with the record of her travels, and, perhaps, receive some very necessary information also. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

**NORTHERN LANDS;** or, Young America in Russia and Prussia. A Story of Travel and Adventure. By William T. Adams (Oliver Optic). Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Oliver Optic has hit upon a happy expedient for combining instruction with amusement. In a continued narrative, alive with incident and adventure, and involving a plot of its own, he is taking his troop of youthful heroes through all the famous places of Europe, making them familiar with scenery and history. This, the second volume of the second series of "Young America Abroad," carries the young travellers along the coasts and up the rivers of Russia and Prussia, with occasional short cuts by railroad to interesting towns or cities. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

**TRUE AS STEEL.** A Novel. By Marion Harland, author of "Alone," "Hidden Path," etc., etc. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

Marion Harland is a courageous writer, boldly speaking in defense of what she believes to be truth, and as boldly attacking error in whatever guise it may appear. She is especially interested in the welfare of her sex, and in more than one of her novels has dealt with questions important to women. The novel before us is partly of this character and illustrates the strength of womanly and wifely devotion. For sale in Philadelphia by Porter & Coates.

**AT LEON'S MOUTH.** By Mrs. Mary Dwinell Chellis, author of "Temperance Doctor," "Out of the Fire," etc., etc. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House.

A sad and painful story illustrative of the evil effects of intemperance, not only upon those guilty of it, but also upon all connected with them. It has, however, a cheerful ending.

## EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

### SUNDAY LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

The movement in this city against the Sunday liquor traffic, which is carried on in violation of law, still continues, and most of the saloons are closed on Sunday. A few of the saloon-keepers persist in violating the law, but they get into trouble, and intensify a rapidly growing public sentiment that is wholly adverse to any license.

In Rhode Island, the liquor men recognize this growing public sentiment, and see that their hurtful business exists only by sufferance of the people. The shrewder men among them now propose to keep within legal restraint, and no longer boldly outrage law and decency. The Liquor Dealers' Union of that State have adopted resolutions requiring each member of their association "to close his place of business on Sunday," and requesting "others engaged in the traffic" to likewise close their places of business on Sunday, become members of the union, and join in the good work of observing the Sabbath in a proper manner.

Prudent, to say the least of it; and tavern-keepers in this and other States will do well to act upon so sensible a recommendation.

Selling liquor for six days in the week, under the protection of a license, is bad enough for the people; and the people are beginning to see this more and

more clearly every day, and mean to have a reformation of some kind. Selling on Sunday, in violation of law, is so bold and defiant a thing, that it keeps the public mind agitated, and liquor men ought to have worldly wisdom enough to see that in thus defying the law they are putting their whole business in jeopardy. So it is that evil, running to excess, provides for its own destruction. It is doing so in this case.

### HEALTH OF WOMEN.

Some one whose attention has been particularly directed to the subject, speaking of the health of American women, says that, among housekeepers, those who have but one servant are as a rule in the enjoyment of a good share of bodily vigor, while those who keep two servants, and in consequence do little or no stirring work in the household, are ailing a great deal of their time. It is still worse with those who keep three servants. Miserable health is the rule, and not the exception, in these cases.

The reason is plain. Idleness, self-indulgence, and lack of daily vigorous exercise, bring their sure consequences—disease. Good health cannot be found under such conditions. Men are far healthier than women; not because, to use the words of Mrs. Livermore in her admirable lecture on "What to do with

our Girls," the Creator made man physically perfect, and woman in a loose, slovenly, and defective manner, but because men keep healthy through daily physical effort, while women grow weak, puny, nervous, and sick for lack of the exercise they need.

The false idea, born of weakness and pride, that women are respectable in the degree that they are idle and useless, is hurting modern society more than anything else. It is sapping the foundations not only of physical, but also of moral health. Body and mind are enervated and vitiated.

Among our women reformers we are glad to see some of them, like Mrs. Livermore, pressing home this motto: upon the minds and hearts of the people. It cannot be dwelt upon too earnestly nor too often.

### CAPERNAUM.

To Christian readers, all that relates to the places made sacred by the presence of our Lord when upon earth, has a special interest; and next to Jerusalem and its neighborhood, the region about the Sea of Galilee is where he was oftenest seen, and where the people were oftenest blest by his ministrations. On the shores of this sea, or in close proximity thereto, were Capernaum, Tiberias, Chorazin, Bethsaida, Magdala, Gennesareth, and the land of the Gadarenes, with Tabor and Herman in sight; and here He dwelt during the last three years of his visible presence in the world.

Then all these cities and neighborhoods thronged with a busy population; now the whole region is silent and deserted, a place of ruins. With the exception of Tiberias, not one of the ancient towns and villages in which our Saviour taught and blessed the people remain; and travellers are in doubt as to the locality of most of them.

The Sea or Lake of Galilee is about twelve miles long by six broad. It is pear-shaped, the broad end being toward the north. The Jordan flows in at the north, a swift, muddy stream, coloring the lake a mile from its mouth, and passes out pure and bright at the south. On the northwestern shore of the lake is the plain of Gennesareth. It is two and a half miles long and one broad. About two miles south of this plain are the ruins of Tel Hum, which most travellers recognize as those of Capernaum.

Our view of the ruins of Capernaum is taken from a point near the edge of the lake, and looking across upon the bare brown hills on the eastern side. These ruins, half concealed by thistles in summer, extend back for some distance. Farther down the lake, recessed among the hills is Tiberias. Near the water's edge at Tel Hum, stands the ruins of the "White Synagogue;" and if travellers are right as to this being the site of Capernaum, then we have the spot in which our Lord gave his memorable discourse as recorded in St. John, and the ruins of the very synagogue built by the centurion who "loved his nation," and whose servant was healed.

53—A LADY who ordered a copy of "ORANGE BLOSSOMS," writes:

"The book came duly to hand. Mrs. M——'s copy was also received, to her great delight. I would love to place it in the hands of every one of my friends who has entered, or intend entering, the marriage state. Indeed, I know of no one, whether or not a wearer of the orange blossoms, whom it might not aid in keeping fresh and fragrant the garlands of the home altar."

OFFICE EAST R. W. GRAND TEMPLE, I. O. G. T.

Marblehead, Mass., April 20th, 1872.

J. M. STODDART & Co.—GENTLEMEN: I have read with much pleasure and profit "Three Years in a Man-Trap," by T. S. Arthur. Like all the literary productions of its gifted author, it aims to teach a lesson of practical wisdom to the reader. It is a timely production, for in this "fast age," when so many of our young men, dissatisfied with the plodding, industrious, and economical habits of their ancestors, are madly rushing to the great cities in pursuit of wealth, they are here taught that he who barter honor, integrity, and true manhood for the profits promised in the liquor traffic, engages in a most disastrous and foolish speculation. It is a story of real life, most sadly and truthfully confirmed by cases within the limits of my own observation during the past twenty-five years, and I most earnestly wish that it could be carefully read by every young man in our land.

Yours, very truly,

J. H. OBNE

### HEALTH.

Almost all persons, says Dr. Hall, become bilious as the warm weather comes on; nine times out of ten nature calls for her own cure, as witnesses the almost universal avidity for 'greens,' for 'spinach,' in the early spring, these being eaten with vinegar; and soon after, by the benign arrangement of Providence, the delicious strawberry comes, the raspberry, the blackberry, the whortleberry; then the cherries, and peaches, and apples, carrying us clear into the fall of the year, when the atmosphere is so pure and bracing that there is general good health everywhere.

The most beneficial, anti-bilious method of using fruits and berries as health promoters is to take them at dessert, after breakfast and dinner; to take them in their natural, raw, ripe, fresh state, without cream or sugar, or anything else besides the fruits themselves.

A LONG THREAD.—Though not exactly a scientific fact, it is one of the curious and interesting facts of applied science, that a shawl manufacturer of Philadelphia lately spun, from a single pound of American wool, a thread of forty-seven thousand yards, or nearly twenty-seven miles.

THE publishers of "THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP" announce a sale of over five thousand copies in a few days after it left the press. The demand is not only unabated, but steadily increasing.

### BOOKS BY MAIL.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS, FRESH AND FADED, by T. S. Arthur, \$2.50.

THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP, by the author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room," \$2.00.

TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM, \$1.25.

For \$4.00 we will send "Orange Blossoms" and "Three Years in a Man-Trap."

For \$3.00 we will send "Three Years" and "Ten Nights."

For \$3.25 we will send "Orange Blossoms" and "Ten Nights."

For \$5.00 we will send all three of these books